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The Reconstruction of Herbert Hoover

By Frank R. Kent

Refractory Senators grudgingly ascend again the bandwagon. The process of "building-up" the inevitable Republican candidate gets slowly under way. But what is the candidate to do about prohibition? And about Curtis?

USUALLY in a Presidential campaign public sentiment freezes about three weeks before the election. Unless the situation is abnormally complicated the country gets "set" about that time and it isn't hard to figure the result. Very few votes are changed one way or the other in the last week. The idea that in April or May, before platforms are adopted or candidates picked, the result can be foretold is absurd. The whole political scenery can shift before fall. It often has. If, in 1896, the election had been held in July, Bryan would undoubtedly have been elected. If, this year, it could have been held in February, any Democrat probably would have won. Perhaps he can in November, but any prediction to that effect is simply a guess. That this is true is evidenced by the fact that a good many people who, two months ago, thought anybody could beat Hoover, are not quite so sure about it now. The truth is, no one's forecast at present is worth a nickel.

This is no place to review the Hoover administration, to discuss his sins of omission and commission, his weaknesses and strength, his virtues and failings. That has been adequately done—if not overdone—from all angles. This is an entirely political article, the purpose of which is to treat of the Republican situation as it exists rather than recite administration history. The basic fact is that the Republican party this year faces a Presidential campaign for the first time since 1912 without the odds in its favor. It goes in under the heavy handicap of having the prosperity upon which it had regularly cashed and a continuance of which it had lavishly and unwisely promised in 1928, given away, under Republican administration, to the deepest depression any one can remember. It faces the repeatedly proved popular disposition to strike at the party in power in times of business distress and unemployment. Its inevitable candidate is the sitting President, who has been cursed and damned throughout the country for three years, blamed for everything from the drought in 1931 to the Sino-Jap War; whose popularity has vanished, whose prestige has been destroyed, who has become the public goat instead of the public hero.

It would seem that this was enough to insure the Hoover defeat—and probably it would have in February. But there are several things to remember. One is that this is a Republican country. There are normally about six million more Republicans in it than

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Democrats. Another is that the Democrats to-day are relying wholly upon the anti-Hoover resentment bred of the depression and have as yet developed neither a clear-cut issue nor a genuinely strong candidate. Perhaps they will need neither. None the less, they have as yet no available nominee capable of inspiring the people, and no constructive proposal with which to appeal. A third is that in February the job of "building up" Mr. Hoover had not been started. It has now, and the process accounts for a certain rise in his stock.

For nearly three years the party leaders, who never liked him, not only gave him no real support but privately pulled back on his administration, ridiculed and criticised the man. They sat silent while the Democrats and Progressives flayed him, but did not take much trouble to conceal their satisfaction. For nearly three years, except for a few ineffectual party hacks and the paid publicity department, hardly a Republican voice was raised in his defense. For himself, he played politics when he should not and failed to play them when he should. After months of inexplicable tolerance of the offensive Huston, he permitted him to be succeeded as National Chairman by the ridiculous Fess, whose innocent political garrulity did almost as much harm as the sinister activities of his assistant, Mr. Robert Lucas, caught in a despicable and anonymous effort to defeat Norris of Nebraska. When to an appalling Treasury deficit, an offensive tariff bill, six or seven million unemployed, a business slump that hit every industry, and the necessity of raising taxes, you add stark political ineptitude, the combination was about as bad as could well be. About the time this session of Congress began, the fortunes of Mr. Hoover seemed at the lowest possible ebb. There is a difference now—and largely it is due to the "building up" activities mentioned above.

What happened is simple enough. Early in the year the inevitability of the Hoover nomination became plain. The idea of sidetracking him for some one else, cherished by many of the Old Guardsmen, who hate him in their hearts, had to be abandoned. The cold-souled little Mr. Coolidge crawled into his Northampton hole after a declaration favoring the Hoover renomination, calculatingly couched in such ungracious language as to do him the least possible good. The talk of "drafting" the colorful Dawes was abruptly squelched by his appointment as President of the Reconstruction Finance Board, followed by a characteristically unequivocal Dawes statement proclaiming his loyalty and belief in Hoover. That ended the movement of the "ditch Hoover" brigade. They were completely out of draftable material. Lowden, well over seventy, is removed from the political picture; Charles Evans Hughes is on the Supreme Court Bench. Elihu E. Root is close to ninety; Dwight Morrow is dead. Who else is there? Think the field over and if there occurs another Republican name that can be mentioned in connection with the Presidency, without arousing either derision, disdain or surprise, I do not know what it is. Consider the list of Republican aspirants at Kansas City four years ago in addition to Hoover and Lowden. They were Jim Watson of Indiana, Guy Goff of West Virginia and Charles Curtis of Kansas—three Republican Senators. It seems ridiculous but that was the complete list. There was then not another available on the Republican horizon. There is not now. The scarcity of Presidential material in the Republican party really is amazing. It is one of the things not generally realized but the fact is that the party personnel was never so thin, nor so poor. There is no one in the Cabinet, no one in the Senate, no one in the House, no Republican Governor or Mayor, no outstanding Republican business man or lawyer —no available Republican anywhere with the sort of reputation, following or qualities to commend him to the country as a whole for the Presidency—not one, as a matter of fact, who would not be weaker than Hoover, despite the load he is carrying, and his obvious weaknesses. Hardly any one will dispute that. It is too clear to argue about.

There are, of course, Republican Senators—particularly Progressive Republican Senators—who constantly think of themselves in terms of the Presidency. The incurably dramatic Borah, beyond doubt the ablest and most adroit manipulator of personal publicity we have in public life to-day, and whose reputation rests largely upon it, always has dreamed of the White House. So has Hiram Johnson of California. And so too, in the past two years, has the gallant Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania. But extremely few people have taken the suggestion of any of the three seriously—nor have they, except in the case of Johnson, ever been intended seriously. The truth about Borah is that he

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never had the remotest idea of becoming a Presidential candidate, but he loves to have his name mentioned and most of the time is directly responsible when it is mentioned. Borah is a great orator and an able man, with an uncanny instinct for the dramatic moment, a sure knowledge of news values and great skill in dealing with newspaper men. He uses them and they use him. It is a mutually beneficial association that has been going for years and has built him up into a great public figure—made him the best known of our Senators, but never a serious Presidential possibility. He has a great many admirable qualities but he isn't a fighter and never was. He is not the type to take personal political risks. They affright him. The last ditch is the one he never jumps. Once, in 1924, some of his Senatorial colleagues got him almost up to it, but he ran out on them.

Johnson is less eloquent, less adroit, and not nearly as good a propagandist, but at bottom a far more robust fellow, who not only will fight against odds but has fought—and fought hard. The Johnsonian trouble is that his two efforts for the Presidency were ridiculously futile; he has no following outside of California, and lost his chance for the White House when he foolishly spurned the 1920 Vice-Presidential nomination. He is honest, forceful and fearless, but not even the deep-rooted hatred he has carried in his heart for Hoover since 1920 was sufficient to blind him this time to the absurdity of putting up another battle against a sitting President. He had two apples out of that barrel—both very sour.

As for Gifford, there is no doubt that he would like to run and would run, too, if there was a sporting chance. There is no man in American politics who will take a chance more quickly than Gifford, or who can take a licking better. Also, there is little about the publicity game he does not know. At one time he was keen to enter the lists against Hoover, all geared up and ready to go. But could he get those temperamental Progressive Senatorial prima donnas to unite on him? He could not. They backed and filled, and toyed with the idea, but when the time came for action there was no action. They were back of him—way back, much too far back to make it worth while for Gifford to make the fight, knowing as he perfectly well did that he couldn't be nominated. Of course he would not have got far if they had united. The most he could hope for, through militant Progressive support, was 200 of the 1,157 votes in the convention. But that was plenty to have made a theatrical protest against the Hoover nomination, to have justified the Progressive attitude of opposition, to have given a good convention show, a flavor of consistency and a color of courage, to the Progressive group. And despite the insecurity of his situation in Pennsylvania, Gifford was ready to run. But that sort of thing just isn't in them.

There are too many stars in the Progressive troupe. Some of them are jealous of others; some are too timid; some come up for re-election as regular Republicans in their States this fall; and some of them—Borah, for example—will become completely regular once the conventions are over and the lines drawn. The truth is that these Progressive Senators count for vastly less in the country, and in conventions, than they do in the Senate, where their sparsely populated States have the same representation as New York or Pennsylvania, where they sometimes hold the balance of power between the parties and where their speeches, wholly free from the restraints of responsibility, make news. Outside the Senate, there is no pretense of cohesion among them. Each has his own political fences to keep up. Each is primarily concerned in keeping his Senate seat—which might be menaced by a bolt. Each plays his own game. They are an interesting lot and—despite the breast beaters and blatherskites among them, such as the great Snooping Senator from Iowa, Mr. Brookhart, and the blatant Mr. Blaine of Wisconsin—have a real use in our political life. For example, no posted person would dispute the sincerity of Norris of Nebraska nor of the two La Follettes. Nor, whether you agree with them or not, is it sensible to disparage their services in diminishing the smug complacency of the Republican organization and stimulating the spirit of the people to cry out against reactionary politics and politicians. Nevertheless, as a group they are not nearly as important in the general political scheme as their Senatorial publicity would make it seem—and they are not in position to "go through"—or at least they never have come through. No better proof of this could be given than that, after three years of hammering Hoover harder than the Democrats, they are now about to enter a Republican convention that will surely renominate him,

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and the noble idea, so widely promulgated last fall, of putting a Progressive candidate in the field, who would scare him into withdrawing, has been completely abandoned.

So the Hoover pre-convention opposition has collapsed and the only candidate against him is the rather pathetic Doctor Joseph Irwin France, once Senator from Maryland, who, though he stands for every Progressive principle and policy, is entirely without Progressive support. They just do not seem to care for the good Doctor, who probably will get some votes—though not from Maryland—and is not considered a serious contender. And they are embarrassed and annoyed when his candidacy is mentioned. Of course, to every clear-headed Republican politician, when Postmaster-General Walter F. Brown, the real political force in the administration and the power behind the naïve Fess, personally scoured the Southern States last fall and tied the black and tan delegations in that section up for the administration with the old Federal patronage string, not only the fact that Mr. Hoover intended to run again but that he would be renominated, was entirely plain. To-day even the most cloudy-minded among them have accepted the fact. There is not now an active Republican politician or office-holder or candidate for any office from Senator down to sheriff who does not know the fight has got to be made with Hoover, and there is not one among them whose political life is not tied up with him. Those who come up this fall in every city and State for elective office have got to run on the ticket which he will lead. If he wins they win; if he is overwhelmingly defeated, most of them unescapably go down with him.

They are all linked up with Hoover now—those who like him and those who hate him; office-holders and office-seekers; every Republican with a job or hope of a job; every Republican manager, boss, sub-boss and party worker. It is to their selfish interest now to build him up, not pull him down. Any one who has travelled about the country a little knows they are doing it. Also any one who contrasts the attitude of regular Republicans in Congress now with their attitude a year ago, knows it. The time has gone by when Old Guard Senators and wheel-horse members of the House sit by and enjoy the Democratic assault. The Jim Watsons and George Moses shrilly lift their voices these days in his defense. Both will be running on the ticket with him in November. So will every Republican candidate for the House. They are building Hoover up out in their districts and States. Cabinet members eulogize him over the radio, talk of what he has done to stabilize business, tartly reply to attacks. New life is shown by the publicity director. The Democrats still have the better of the propaganda duel, it being, as the majestic Watson so soundly says, "harder to defend than attack, easier to indict than to alibi." However, the Grand Old Party is gradually girding up its loins, gathering itself together for a fight with a candidate it does not care for but whom it none the less wants to win. And the hopelessness of the coming contest seems not so complete now as before. They see rays of light. They pray for the lifting of the depression, the rise in the price of wheat, the return of that business confidence which means a diminishing of popular resentment and the dimming of Democratic chances. Perhaps it will come in time, perhaps it won't. At any rate they have got themselves in position to take full advantage of the turn and will, if it comes, make a hero of Hoover again.

As for the convention, it will be dominated and directed, as are all Republican conventions, by the administration politicians, under White House orders. Chief among these convention politicians will be the astute Walter Brown. The platform will be written in the White House, taken out to Chicago and jammed through. The real contest will be on the platform; the real interest in the plank on Prohibition. As it seems now, the fight which the wets in the Republican party will put up on the platform will be a far more formidable one than any the Progressive Republicans will make, if any, on the Hoover nomination. For one thing, they come from the more important electoral States; for another they are far better united, much more militant and determined. In New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and a number of other States, the Republican organization leaders are now strongly wet. A dry plank will minimize their chances in their States. Four years ago most of them were acquiescent in the old straddle position. They are no longer—and the pressure for a wet plank of some sort is strong, persistent and increasing. Wet sentiment in all these States has grown enormously in four years. Many thousands of new voters—boys and girls who have

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reached twenty-one years old—are on the books. They know nothing of the evils of the saloon before Prohibition, but they have a complete first-hand knowledge of the farcical failure of the law since its adoption, and of the evils of trying to enforce the unenforcible. They come out of universities, high schools and colleges. They read metropolitan newspapers and magazines, 95 per cent of which are wet. In all these States Republican candidates in the past four years have been beaten by wet Democrats. Illinois and Ohio were the two most sensational examples in 1930. In all these States it has come to be not only risky but fatal for a local Republican candidate to be dry or to straddle—and Republican leaders are hotly anxious not to have a Republican platform and a Republican Presidential candidate who will add this handicap to their others.

They do not propose to have it, either, if there is any way to avoid it. Accordingly the pressure upon the President on this point is unceasing. He gets it from all sides—members of his Cabinet, nearly all of whom are wet; friends in the Senate and outside, party bosses from every section. He is being told that if he adheres to the dry side it will be difficult to finance the campaign; impossible to carry the New York group of States; that the dry strength has diminished; that the fight in the convention will be an ugly one; that it will weaken him where he needs most to be strong; that he should at least permit the referendum idea to be incorporated; that the thing to do is to beat the Democrats to it. He is being told these things and a lot more, but if at this time any man knows what are his views or intentions, I have not been able to find him. As a matter of fact nothing has so irritated Mr. Hoover's friends and nothing has lost him more, than his attitude or lack of attitude on Prohibition. His treatment of the Wickersham report seems to have been without excuse and is one of the things for which no sound defense or explanation has ever been offered. As Senator Carter Glass of Virginia has frequently and publicly said, despite that 1928 "an experiment noble in purpose" utterance, no man can point to a public word from Mr. Hoover that would justify him in asserting that he believes in Prohibition. On the contrary, there are plenty of reasons for thinking he does not. Yet he took the dry side in 1928 and, up to this writing, takes the dry side still.

It seems incredible in the face of his own Commission's report; in the face of the disgraceful condition of the country due to Prohibition; in the face of the complete futility of enforcement—of which he is, of course, fully aware—it seems incredible that he can go into the 1932 campaign standing on the same 1928 law-enforcement plank and pretending that there is any hope at all of the ultimate success of the Prohibition experiment. The time has certainly gone by for that pretense and, unless the Democrats are fools, if he does so pretend they will have an issue that might easily carry the essential electoral States, regardless of any improvement in business conditions. There are those who believe Mr. Hoover clear-headed enough in politics, when he puts his mind on them, to recognize conditions and make a statement favoring a plank that, if not actually wet, at least will make it possible to keep the wet element of his party in the Republican fold. Others are quite convinced that he thinks there is another Presidency in Prohibition and will favor neither a referendum nor a modification plank. If the latter are right, it will undoubtedly mean the loss not only of a large number of Republican votes in the pivotal wet States east of the Mississippi, but the loss of a considerable number of campaign contributions too. It means that the Prohibition issue will be vibrant and prominent in the campaign from start to finish, because whatever they say on Prohibition in their platform, the Democrats seem certain to nominate a repeal candidate. There simply are no availables on their side not for repeal. The final Hoover position on this question is really the most interesting thing ahead. Upon it will hinge the character of the convention, the character of the campaign, and may hinge the result. No one can speak with authority for him, but those closest to Mr. Hoover are convinced he will lean far enough toward the wet side not to incur the penalties above mentioned. Perhaps he will. It would seem to be the best politics and no one appears to contend that political expediency instead of conviction will not be the controlling factor in his ultimate stand. He has a decision to make here that will be far-reaching and important—and revealing.

Another decision he will have to make is in regard to his running mate. It seems at this time taken generally for granted that Vice-President Curtis will be renominated. He passed up his

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chance to run for the Senate in Kansas and has let it be known he wants his job again. Sister Dolly Gann is on the stump, making laudatory Hoover speeches and telling the folks the depression is already over. The value to the Hoover cause of her early pre-convention utterances is somewhat dubious, but she is certainly doing her level best, and proceeding on the assumption that Brother Charlie is as good as named. Probably she is right. It is difficult to see how he can be sidetracked. However, it is no secret that there are some practical persons in the Hoover group who strongly favor sidetracking; take the view that Mr. Curtis lends no strength to the ticket; that a stronger man could be easily had; that neither the party nor the President is under the slightest obligations to Charlie; that his age—he is now 71—makes it poor public as well as poor political policy to rename him. These arguments are certainly not without merit and there may be a surprise in the convention when the second place on the ticket is filled. However, the chances all favor the "Kansas boy who has made good." The renomination of his running mate seems as inevitable—though not quite—for Mr. Hoover, as the Hoover renomination is for the party leaders. And there is just as much enthusiasm in Mr. Hoover for his running mate as there is in the party leaders for Mr. Hoover—and no more.

NEW PATHS FOR AMERICA. V

The Flight from the Centre

By Virgil Jordan

Previous contributors to this series have all pointed the path toward centralization—and they are wrong, declares Doctor Jordan.

Professor Beard's article must seem to many readers to have confounded the confusion he sought to clear up, and those that succeeded it in this series to have complicated the sign-posts at the crossroads from which the new paths for America may lead. All imply, in one way or another, that the centre for which we are searching is some source of comprehensive political authority; that the "road to the left" leads to increasingly centralized governmental control; that "the new political deal" we demand is one which promises greater exercise of the power of the state for a part of the public now helpless; that "the ethical values of the machine age" must be those emerging from the system of centralized mass production and distribution which the machine has so far forced upon us.

Although they all seem clear and consistent in this respect, I cannot believe that these keen minds meant any such thing. They surely know that the centre of authority, the ultimate source of effective political and economic power, the final standard of values, rests still as always in the individual, not in the state or the social, political and economic structure; and that the essential problem of progress is to restore these more and more effectively to him. All the virtues, private and civic, are individual; the vices and evils are solely social in their source, the result of a political, economic and technical structure and organization of society, which has so far frustrated instead of fostering the creative interest and energies of the individual, removed him progressively farther from effective exercise of his creative powers in his work and so paralyzed his sense of spiritual responsibility, freedom and security which attaches to and arises only out of his labor.

Mishandling of the machine, mistakes in economic and financial organization, especially the delusive drive toward mass-production and distribution, and some minor stupidities of political policy have promoted this process of frustration till the whole structure has reached the breaking point. The task of reconstruction is the restoration to the individual of the sense of freedom, security and responsibility which comes of direct contact with his work and closer control of his immediate destiny.

Increased centralization of economic activity and political authority will not accomplish this. These theories, which lead along the road to the left

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and are implicit in much of the prevailing planning concepts and most of the new political deals demanded by the liberal school, are flying in the face of fundamental psychological, physical and social forces underlying our industrial development. They will inevitably wreck the whole structure if they stand like an immovable and dogmatic object of policy in the way of the irresistible forces that are at work to-day. Such policies are centripetal in purpose; the underlying forces are centrifugal in effect. The road to the left along which Russia and other European nations are travelling is a blind alley of which America has fortunately begun to be aware before she has gone very far on it. Superficial tendencies intensified by this depression are urging us swiftly along it and it will be some time before we are bogged and forced to retrace our steps. The next phase of American development will undoubtedly be marked by increased centralization of political and economic authority, but this will be the end of an era, the götterdämmerung of the grand idea of centralized control, the superman and the super-state which grew out of the imperialistic phase of the first industrial revolution. Out of it a more effective centralization of certain aspects of economic activity mentioned later will emerge, but the vast, poorly integrated, crazily concentrated structure and organization under which the great mass of citizens live in fitful cycles of speculative prosperity and chronic insecurity will break up, and its essential creative energies be distributed and diffused in such ways as to assure greater stability, security, creative freedom and responsibility for the individual and the local community.

The new paths for America lead away from the centres of authority that have been established as a consequence of the first century and a half of the industrial revolution. In all but very few aspects of organization they lead back to the individual and to the home in life and labor, to the small local enterprise in industry and trade, to the indigenous community in social and political organization, to the self-contained nation in foreign relations. The centre for which we are searching is not one or a few powerful centres of political or economic authority to dictate the tasks of creative living or set standards of value, but millions of centres of self-sufficient and self-determined activity in which individuals will seek security and freedom.

It is strange that this insistent subterranean tendency toward decentralization underlying the superficial signs of false and futile concentration of control should have escaped notice. They were evident long before the depression, but it has intensified them in every important aspect, domestic and international. While Stuart Chase with one leg strides sturdily down the road to the left in his public political philosophy, demanding comprehensive planned control and complete international co-operation, in his private life he issues a declaration of independence of the whole darned industrial system, severs diplomatic relations with it, and decides to get along without its delusive and seductive devices and gadgets. This is symptomatic of a universal state of mind and a chronic condition of conflict, emphasized by the depression but present and steadily developing much earlier in both domestic and international affairs. Its essential significance lies in the increasing though still largely unconscious realization that the limits of effective co-operative activity and centralized control have been reached, and that any one—individual, enterprise, community or nation—that depends upon it for security is sure to be out of luck sooner or later. To some the cure for the failure of large-scale co-operation and centralization still seems to be stronger and more widespread doses of the same, drastically administered by some form of disinterested dictatorship. But an increasing number of disillusioned individuals, business men, communities and nations have decided that it doesn't work enough of the time to take any chances on and are going off into some corner to cultivate their own garden.

Perhaps the most spectacular illustration at the moment is in the field of international relations. The collapse of international trade which has brought it back to the pre-war level is not merely a product of the depression. It is truer to say that the international trade boom of the past fifteen years was a product of the war—that economic and political monstrosity which has overshadowed all living realities since. The fact is that the total volume of international trade has been steadily declining in relation to the volume of internal trade at least since the beginning of the century. It has been undermined, not by tariffs, trade obstacles, war debts or other political stupidities, but by the slow erosion resulting from the breaking down of regional raw-material monopolies in the chemist's laboratory, and the gradual dissipation, due to the universal mechanization of industry, of advantages of craft skill which certain countries have held.

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The depression has merely destroyed the wartime illusion of infinite international trade expansion for this as well as other countries, reduced the volume of international trade to its real proportions and driven home to every country the potentialities and the imperative necessity of stability and self-sufficiency on a domestic basis. The breakdown of the gold standard and the international credit system built around it has clinched the demonstration. The abandonment of the free-trade fetish by Britain and the multiplication of national trade controls through quota systems, import boards and other devices for balancing external trade on a specific bargaining principle mark the beginning of return of international trade to a bare barter basis, the only basis upon which economic stability for any nation can be established. A great deal of international trade will still be possible and will be done on that basis, and co-operation will play a part in international groupings, but it will be subordinated strictly to the conditions of domestic stability and self-containment. The concept of the super-state and of universal free trade modelled on the idyllic conditions of this country is indefinitely postponed. Even Soviet Russia, who was always wiser than the rest of us on this question, has seen the signs of the times and returned to her domestic muttons from communist dreams of international unity through world revolution.

Less spectacular but no less significant is the drift toward decentralization in the domestic scene. Here again the depression has brought to the surface in a startling way tendencies long in action. We know now that the smaller industries serving local markets have suffered less in this depression and are relatively more prosperous to-day than the big mass-product concerns catering to the national market. Despite the severity of decline in farm prices, the great bulk of farmers have endured the depression with less difficulty than the great urban populations and particularly those in the large manufacturing centres.

Mr. Chase's five-fingered gest of defiance at the elephantine industrial structure that has stampeded the city dweller is not a single case. Thousands of others all over the country have literally turned their backs on the big machine, the big business, the big town, the big job and begun to grow their own cabbages. What we call the collapse of capitalism is essentially nothing else than the abandonment by millions of individuals of dependence on the great centralized sources of income and security, and vice versa, and their compulsion or disposition to seek a more self-sufficient way of living. This social and economic obsolescence of big business is the black bear behind the stock market, the deep-seated source of the steady decline in security values of the great corporations and the railroads and of urban real estate.

The process began long before the depression. For many years, unseen by the experts, this country has been walking away from the big cities and the railroads around which it was built. The single-industry towns have begun to die or diversify. The proportion of small industrial centres with several industries has increased. Great corporations have been forced increasingly to distribute plant operations and decentralize management, partly in order to deal with local problems of personnel relations and partly to compete more effectively in local markets. The building of foreign branch plants instead of exporting products from this country is an illustration of the same thing on an international scale.

The problems of distribution from some central source in a large national market, to say nothing of an international market, have become hopelessly complicated. The small local enterprise, even in the retailing field where intelligently managed and unburdened by great overhead charges, has shown itself increasingly effective in competition with the centralized corporation, so far as dealing with labor and the consumer are concerned. Only where the small enterprise is trying to compete in a national market with the big corporation or to sell to it, is it at a disadvantage, and this fact is the most important influence behind the movement to revise the anti-trust laws so as to permit closer co-operation among the smaller independent businesses. This is essentially not a step toward centralization but an effort to frustrate centralization and monopoly powers where they are still oppressive. The growing political importance of the movement, and its enlistment of labor, are signs that the day of the small independent concern is coming again.

In agriculture, diversification, self-sufficient farming, the live-at-home movement, the "home-made happiness" slogan are all aspects of the same tendency. In urban life generally, the push of population and trade in the great metropolitan districts

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toward the suburbs, the relative increase in the birth rate of suburban populations and the race-suicide of the apartment-house family are symptoms of the same drift toward decentralization, and are the silent forces that are relentlessly eroding urban real estate and railroad security values. Our big cities are becoming obsolescent and are dying under our eyes, along with the railroads strung between them and still fighting for their lives against the automobile and the motor bus and truck which are taking the population and its work and life away from them out into the open country. Edgar Chambless' challenge in "Roadtown" to the circular concept and structure of community life has never been answered, but events are carrying it to its inevitable conclusion as we are beginning to lay our skyscrapers on their sides and string our population along the highways through the country instead of piling them on top of each other in megalopolis.

The decentralization principle is insinuating itself still more significantly into the individual enterprise itself as the machine process is steadily being split up into operations which are increasingly brought under control of the individual worker. Direct motor control of the individual machine is making the man its master again, for the first time since he worked with his own hand tools. Here we see suddenly that single revolutionary factor—the use of electric power—that has made possible not only the liberation of productive enterprise from geographical centralization imposed by the limitations of power sources, but the liberation of the worker from the merciless dominance of the machine itself. Through the super-power systems which convert water-power and coal continuously, silently, invisibly into pools of elastic energy available in all places and at all times in every industrial country, a practically unlimited reservoir of productive power is put at the command of the individual with which to control his own destiny through creative work, assure his security, make his freedom effective and exercise his sense of responsibility to himself and his community. This single factor has become the basis of a second industrial revolution much more far-reaching in its effects than the first, and far more favorable to human progress. The kilowatt is bringing us nearer to a realization of the long-forgotten but ultimately indispensable ideal of Jeffersonian democracy than any other economic scheme or political plan that men have concocted since the original declaration of independence.

But here appears the inevitable paradox always implicit in every important principle, as Hegel long ago pointed out. The complete decentralization of our industrial and economic life through the application of electric power is impossible without the fullest centralization and integration of its production by pooling electric energy resources on a national scale through the super-power systems. Only in this way can the necessary widespread distribution, continuity and flexibility be achieved. The more completely this is accomplished the more widespread and dependable is the possible application of electric power in the home, on the farm and in the local industry. Yet obviously such centralization of a vital element of economic value carries with it the inevitable implication of centralized governmental control of the terms and conditions and costs on which its service is offered. This is the essential significance of the struggle for public power control. Electric energy has become not only a central source of value, but a source of security and freedom for self-sufficient community life.

This is one of the very few aspects of our economic organization in which effective centralization of control actually makes for decentralization in the outcome. Bank credit, the counterpart of electric energy, is another of immense importance; taxation and public expenditures, by which the distribution of purchasing power can be determined, a third; transportation, a fourth, but of diminishing moment. In so far as these basic elements in our economic system are subjected to centralized administration and intelligent planning in the national interest, the underlying forces tending toward decentralization and diffusion of economic activity will be left free to operate, detailed central interference with industry and trade need not be invoked, the creative powers of the individual will be effectively released, his security assured, his freedom fostered and prosperity more evenly distributed. Centralization in these pervasive spheres of influence is all that is necessary to prepare the new paths for America; it is not inconsistent with, and in fact will hasten, that flight from centralization which in a few years will be in full force and which will transvalue all the values upon which our existing structure is based.

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The World of Babbitt's Son: 1942

By Henry Hazlitt

Report of a visit of Ted Babbitt of Zenith, Ohio, to Brent Dodsworth on Long Island in the summer of 1942.

THE temptation to speculate upon the kind of physical and economic world that most of us will be living in ten years from now is too great to be put aside. Compared, at all events, with the efforts of men like Jeans and Eddington and Haldane to tell us what conditions on earth will be like when the sun begins to cool, such prophecy seems as narrowly practical and immediate as that of a clothing manufacturer making his plans for next spring. For at least five out of every six of us (future death rates have proved to be very accurately predictable) ten years from now means *our* world, not that of our remoter descendants.

Perhaps our conjectures will seem more plausible if we pretend not to be predicting at all, but merely to be recalling. So let us assume that it is a late Friday afternoon in the summer of 1942, and that we are seeing the world through the eyes—though not altogether through the mind—of Theodore Roosevelt Babbitt, son of George F. Babbitt. Ted, you will recall, was about eighteen years old in 1922, and his marriage to Eunice Littlefield was the last act in the book. He is about thirty-eight now, himself the father of a seventeen-year-old daughter and a son of twelve. But Eunice and Myra are now travelling in Europe, and young Herbie is at a boy's camp in Maine, so this Friday afternoon we happen to find Ted in his private airplane, going about a hundred and eighty miles an hour on his way from Zenith for a week-end visit to Brent Dodsworth (Sam's son) who is now living on Long Island.

Ted has done pretty well in the electrical-equipment business, otherwise he could not afford to sport a Packard plane in addition to a Cadillac car. Private planes are still comparatively rare; there are only a little more than a million of them in the country, as compared with more than thirty million automobiles, and Ted himself did not buy one until the motor had been silenced, and the device perfected in 1938 that enabled planes to rise and land vertically.

Ted is looking down on the countryside. It is not altogether an attractive picture. It is covered with fine broad concrete roads, but it has been virtually swept bare of trees where the roads have been laid down, and planted with telephone posts instead.

For the most part it is an even uglier countryside than it was in 1932. There is not much to boast of in most of the architecture. Many of the older houses are in the fake Tudor style that broke out over the country in the late twenties and early thirties. But there have been some improvements. Most of the filling stations have been taken over by the great oil companies; there are fewer of them than there were a decade ago, and they are individually much more attractive. The greater part of them are built in concrete, without decoration of any kind, but some of the newer ones are in chromium and glass. And in 1936 a serious movement began, which has since been growing, to plant rows of trees along all the automobile highways. The trees so far planted are still rather small, unfortunately, and can hardly be seen at all from the height at which Ted is flying. But the factories are almost uniformly more attractive, and one very great gain has been the total abolition in some of the States of advertising sign boards. And between Zenith and New York there are already two or three of the new "garden cities," thoughtfully planned and spaciously laid out, full of trees and parks, made up of dwellings and business structures of a harmonious architecture. To be sure, these cities have been made possible only by methods which Ted has often denounced as communistic—but he has to admit that he admires them.

Ted's own interests are practical rather than æsthetic, and what fascinates him much more than the garden cities are these new metal houses produced by mass-production methods along the lines

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suggested more than a decade ago by Buckminster Fuller, which have just begun to make their appearance in the last year or two. Young Dodsworth had telephoned Ted that he was living in one of these, and though Ted had seen the exact duplicate of it (the eight-room model of the General Homes Corporation) he was curious to find how it felt to spend the week-end in one.

Now he is nearing New York City, and slows down. (It has been possible for the last two or three years to go as slowly as you want in an airplane.) Ted has not been in or over New York for nearly two months now, and he is constantly excited by the changes there. The traffic conditions are still unspeakably bad; indeed, they are much worse than they have ever been, and even Ted doesn't understand how any one can want to live there. (Of course the traffic congestion in Zenith is much worse too.) Up to 1939 there had been no legal height limit to office buildings, and their mad erection, stimulated by real-estate values and puerile pride in height records, had gone on. In spite of the elementary mathematics of the situation, the connection between high buildings and congestion was for years either ignored or denied. A child of six might have been expected to understand that if you doubled the average building height in a city you doubled the population that it housed and hence you doubled the congestion on the same street area, but the real-estate interests and the structural-steel interests, by the most energetic propaganda against this idea, had successfully fought the popular recognition of its truth for years, and even when they were no longer able to do that, they were able, for a few years, to bring various sorts of pressure on politicians to prevent any ordinance limiting building height from being adopted. But finally, in 1939, a measure had been adopted limiting the height of new buildings to twenty stories. This has done nothing so far to cure the congestion; it cannot, of course, begin to have any effect in that direction until the older skyscrapers become obsolescent and are torn down. Meanwhile the erection of twenty-story buildings where twelve-, ten- and four-story buildings have been before is not helping matters.

Ted prefers to look for one of these new open or "aerated" city blocks, several of which have been erected in the last year. Instead of a solid wall of buildings facing the street on all four sides, the block is composed of a series of detached X-shaped buildings (except that the cross is at right angles) each twenty stories in height. From Ted's view, looking directly down, one of these blocks seems to be composed of a double row of X's or turned plus signs:

X X X X X X
X X X X X X

This allows the free play of light and air on every side of each building. As the rear of each building can be seen by pedestrians on the street behind it, and as the sides can also be seen, each building is of course finished on all sides, instead of consisting, like so many of the older structures, of an elaborate and expensive façade, and sides and rear of cheap brick. Between the buildings are footpaths, permitting pedestrians to walk directly through the block at any point. The rest of the open area between buildings is planted with grass, flowers, and trees, most of which, of course, can be seen from the street, and are equally pleasant from an airplane view. Since the airplane has become popular, too, the new buildings have been paying more attention to the appearance of their roofs. These are flat, surrounded by chromium steel railings, and paved with attractive colored tilings. The roofs are used a great deal by sunbathers, many of whom are nude, and though Ted always finds the sight of pretty girl sunbathers—on roofs or beaches—a very pleasant one, he is too accustomed to the spectacle to become excited by it.

But Ted has to be getting on, so that he can find Brent's place when it is still light. He finds it with little difficulty, and Brent shows him through it with great pride.

It is an odd place for Ted's eye to become accustomed to, and looks from the outside like a hexagonal steel-and-glass tent raised slightly from the ground on a thick hollow steel pole.

"Yes," says Brent, in reply to Ted's observation to this effect, "in fact the house is put up pretty much the way you would put up a tent. The General Homes Corporation deliver the parts of this 1942 model house and have one of their assembly crews erect it in two or three days. First they actually *bore* a hole in the ground; then they sink the central supporting shaft into it, and then they *hang* the house from the shaft."

"Gosh!" says Ted in admiration.

"You see," Brent goes on (he is, incidentally, an officer in General Homes), "suppose for some rea-

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son a man should become dissatisfied with the location his house was on. Suppose the neighborhood should begin to run down, or suppose he should have to take a job out at Toledo. Well, if he had an old-fashioned house, he'd have to try to sell it; he'd probably have it on his hands a long time and then sacrifice it. But with this house, he can just 'phone General Homes, and within a week we'll dismantle it, transport it, and have it erected again on the new site. All he has to worry about is selling the land. At the end of ten years the house will still have a good trade-in value. It can be much more easily sold than the old-fashioned house because it can be transported to any site, because it conforms to standard specifications, and because our national reputation stands squarely behind it."

Ted felt uncomfortably that Brent was handing him an habitual sales talk, but nevertheless he was impressed. "What's this?" he asked, pointing to some brightly polished gadgets.

"The one on the left is the heating thermostat, and the one on the right the cooling thermostat: this house holds a temperature of 70, if you want, winter and summer."

"I have the same sort of thing at my house in Zenith," brags Ted.

"I know, but I bet it cost you four times as much. An old-fashioned individual-type house of the same quality as this couldn't be built for less than $20,000. This one sells for $6,495 f.o.b. Detroit, and once the company can put this model into *real* quantity production, it will be able to sell it for $3,000."

"Well, I tell you, Brent. This is a mighty swell house, and all that, but I should think you'd want something more—well, individual. I don't see how a man can take a lot of pride in a house that's just exactly like a hundred thousand others."

"Listen, Ted; you're pretty stuck on your Packard plane, now, aren't you?"

"You bet."

"And you're pretty proud of your Cadillac, aren't you?"

"Sure I am."

"Well, there are at least ten thousand duplicates of your Packard plane and several hundred thousand duplicates of your Cadillac."

"Yep; I never thought of that."

"Just because your dad was kidded a lot, Ted, you're afraid of the word 'standardization.' But there's nothing wrong with that at all, provided it's *good* standardization."

Ted and Brent sink into armchairs with their cocktails and begin to talk about the business situation, but we can hardly understand their conversation unless we know what has happened in the last ten years. The recovery from the panic of 1929–32 was a slow one. From the perspective of 1942 it has become clear that the depression was the result of two main causes. The first was the collapse of world commodities from the inflated war price-levels. For nearly a decade after the war these price-levels had stayed up, or had declined slowly and harmlessly—except for the sharp drop between the spring of 1920 and the spring of 1921—and the curious impression had become all but universal that commodity prices as a result of the war had reached a permanently higher level; but in 1929, 1930, and 1931 the decline had become a rout. There was of course nothing sacrosanct or particularly permanent about the price-level of 1913, but the record of prices after the Napoleonic Wars and our own Civil War should have indicated that prices, given time, manage after a war to return to somewhere near the levels they started from. The second cause for the depression was also connected with the war, but more indirectly. It lay in the almost insane post-war economic policies of Europe and the United States. As every one knows, the economic burden laid upon Germany had been more than could possibly be met, and the United States, while professing to wish to collect its war debts, had kept raising its tariff higher and higher to make it impossible for Europe to pay the debts in goods, the only possible ultimate medium. Imitation of, and retaliation against, the United States brought the erection of preposterous tariff walls everywhere, and choked the channels of world trade. None of these policies was modified until it had already brought disastrous consequences, and even then the modification never went far enough. There is no need here to rehearse at length the painful events during the period of readjustment—the wage reductions, strikes, riots by the unemployed, the collapse in rents, and the long series of receiverships, especially of important railroads. By the fall of 1933 most of this readjustment had been accomplished, and the recovery in 1934 was fairly rapid. The railroads were finally taken over by the

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government in 1935—for the most part to the relief of the railway security holders, who took a cut in nominal interest but most of whom, at least among the bondholders, were able to salvage their principal. The difference between the railroads under public and under private management was not so great as to remove discussion of the relative merits of the two systems: most business men complained that the roads were much more bureaucratically and less efficiently run than under private management, but they had to admit that freight rates were lower, as there was no longer any need for having an unnecessarily high general freight-rate level mainly for the purpose of keeping the less profitable roads going. The railroads, however, seemed to be growing relatively less important each year. Though they still carried the bulk of the heavy freight for long hauls, lighter freight for short hauls was more and more being carried by trucks, and in the last five years the roads had been losing passenger business rapidly to the airplane lines.

Public-utility companies had been falling more and more into government hands, but general attention was now focussed, not on these, but on the great industrial companies. These had gone through one process of merger after another, or had formed trade associations which acted, for the most part, exactly as a single company would have acted. The Sherman anti-trust act remained on the books, but had virtually become a dead letter. First the oil and natural gas companies had been made almost exempt from its provisions: indeed, competing oil companies drilling wells in the same "pool" had been in many cases legally compelled to merge. Then, as other industries came to be controlled by single companies, or were bound together by tight trade associations, special government regulatory bodies, modelled after the Interstate Commerce Commission, had been appointed to control their practices, prices, and output; and these commissions for separate industries were in turn co-ordinated by a central commission, composed of the chairmen of each of the other commissions. Ted and Brent talk for a long time of how commission-infested the whole country has become, and of the enormous red tape and bureaucracy involved in the system, and they relate to each other various absurd errors made by the individual commissions and the co-ordinating commission. But the situation of private industry has become more and more confused. Mergers and the holding-company system have gone to the length where it has become almost impossible to trace the connection between the ultimate security holder and the individual property. In fact, most investors have their funds in the securities of investment trusts, which have their funds in the securities of holding companies, which have their funds in the securities of other holding companies, and so on. It has become more ridiculous than ever before to talk of any connection between the ultimate stockholder's "vote" and the actual policies of the underlying operating companies. The separation between management and ownership has become practically as great, in other words, in the industries that are not yet subject to commission control as in those that are.

The situation is confused in other directions. In 1934, for example, when it became clear that Russia, with its low-cost wheat, was driving the high-cost American wheat farmer out of business, and when the latter had finally seen through wheat tariffs and "price-stabilizing" Farm Boards, it was finally decided that nothing could save him but lower production costs. Taking its cue from Russia, our government formed a great harvesting machinery company, and proceeded to rent tractors and other agricultural equipment and services to farmers at cost. This had been highly successful, for the most part, but a protracted discussion was now going on in Congress on the question of whether this corporation should remain in the hands of the Federal Government or be sold to a private syndicate.

Compulsory unemployment insurance had finally been adopted in most of the States with the exception of those in the Southeast, and Statewide employment agencies had been created. Congress had passed a Constitutional amendment for Federal unemployment insurance, but this had not yet been ratified by the States. A few of the States, also, had adopted schools to take care of workers dropped from obsolescent and dying industries and to train them as workers in one of the growing industries. In these States no worker could receive unemployment benefits for more than three to six months without enrolling in one of the schools.

The country had not gone communist, but the

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possibility of its doing so was no longer small. As the Communist party had grown year by year, the Republicans and Democrats, recognizing that there was no difference between them, had merged into one Republican-Democratic party (usually referred to simply as the Republican party). The Republicans had been able to elect a President in 1940, but by a rather narrow popular margin. There was a possibility of a Communist majority in Congress after the 1942 elections, and the Communists were confident of electing a President in 1944. The Communist party was controlled, however, by moderates, and was not very different in its immediate aims from the old Socialist party—but the word Communism had acquired prestige and the word Socialism had lost it. Communism in Russia had been successful, in the sense that it had remained in power; but it had gradually come to look more and more like a combination of State and private capitalism.

This was not considered important, however, as the Communists continued to describe everything they did in orthodox Marxian phrases—just as organized Christianity had been able to pursue a Nietzschean policy with the aid of phrases taken from the Sermon on the Mount. (The Communists had also taken another idea from Christianity, or at least from Catholicism. They did not permit their own population to read volumes that were unfavorable to Communism either directly or by implication, but in order to answer capitalistic arguments they had formed a sort of Jesuit society, the members of which were not only permitted but encouraged to study heretical books with the purpose of confuting them.) American capitalism, on the other hand, had come to look more and more like State socialism, but in spite of the fact that this State socialism was growing yearly, our statesmen continued to describe our system as one of rugged individualism, and to point proudly to our steadfast adherence to Jeffersonian principles.

The economic problem that is now causing the greatest concern to the world, however, is that of the gold standard. A German chemist, using the advanced knowledge of the atom, succeeded two years ago in producing gold artificially at about the price of copper. Prices all over the world rose violently as the first of this gold came on the market; and the immediate effect threatened to be much the same as the after-war depreciation of the mark and other European currencies. It is now recognized everywhere that the gold standard is doomed. Individual nations, the United States included, have hurriedly adopted "compensated dollar" schemes similar to that long ago advocated by Irving Fisher, but these schemes have worked very badly, and an international conference has been called to meet in the autumn for some possible joint action.

To be sure, Ted and Brent do not talk of all these things; like you and I, they talk mainly of their immediate personal affairs, and especially of the shortcomings of their mutual friends, and even more especially of the shortcomings of Brent's second wife, Eva, who is now in Reno getting a divorce. Reno, to meet the competition of other cities, has had to cut the residence period down to one week. Some of the States have adopted more liberal divorce laws, but New York—though it has legalized birth control—has changed its divorce laws very little. But as divorce has become so easy to obtain in a number of Western cities, the pressure for more liberal divorce laws in the Eastern States has not been great.

"Yes," Brent is saying, "Eva's a fine girl; I haven't a thing against her, but she's too unsettled, always wanting to be on the go. I don't know, it doesn't seem to me that you can find many women now who like to stay at home a little. I wish there were more old-fashioned women like those of ten years ago."

"Trouble is to-day," agrees Ted, "every woman's got some career of her own. There's Myra, going to study to be a doctor. Every woman to-day wants to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a politician, or to run a business——"

"Yes," adds Brent, "things are speeding up too much, too. Civilization's getting too complex. Ten years ago things were simple and quiet."

"But then, there're a lot of advantages," Ted reminds him. "What did people do with their evenings then? No television, for example."

"You're right," concedes Brent, "it's hard to imagine what people did without television. By the way, we don't want to miss the government's fine programme to-night."

They turn on the machine, and a musical comedy is before their eyes. But they look at it only occasionally, and hardly seem to be listening to it. They go on with their own conversation. "Mark my word," says Ted solemnly as they sit drinking their highballs, "within two years prohibition will be repealed."

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The Cracked Looking-Glass

By Katherine Anne Porter

A long story, selected in the $5,000 Prize Contest, complete in this issue, by the author of "Flowering Judas," one of the most promising of the younger writers.

Dennis heard Rosaleen talking in the kitchen and a man's voice answering. He sat with his hands dangling over his knees, and thought for the hundredth time that sometimes Rosaleen's voice was company to him, and other days he wished all day long she didn't have so much to say about everything. More and more the years put a quietus on a man; there was no earthly sense in saying the same things over and over. Even thinking the same thoughts grew tiresome after a while. But Rosaleen was full of talk as ever. If not to him, to whatever passerby stopped for a minute, and if nobody stopped, she talked to the cats and to herself. If Dennis came near she merely raised her voice and went on with whatever she was saying, so it was nothing for her to shout suddenly, "Come out of that, now—how often have I told ye to keep off the table?" and the cats would scatter in all directions with guilty faces. "It's enough to make a man lep out of his shoes," Dennis would complain. "It's not meant for you, darlin'," Rosaleen would say, as if that cured everything, and if he didn't go away at once, she would start telling some kind of story. But to-day she kept shooing him out of the place and hadn't a kind word in her mouth, and Dennis in exile felt that everything and everybody was welcome in the place but himself. For the twentieth time he approached on tiptoe and listened at the parlor keyhole.

Rosaleen was saying: "Maybe his front legs might look a little stuffed for a living cat, but in the picture it's no great matter. I said to Kevin, 'You'll never paint that cat alive,' but Kevin did it, with house paint mixed in a saucer, and a small brush the way he could put in all them fine lines. His legs look like that because I wanted him pictured on the table, but it wasn't so, he was on my lap the whole time. He was a wonder after the mice, a born hunter bringing them in from morning till night——"

Dennis sat on the sofa in the parlor and thought: "There it is. There she goes telling it again." He wondered who the man was, a strange voice, but a loud and ready gabbler as if maybe he was trying to sell something. "It's a fine painting, Miz O'Toole," he said, "and who did you say the artist was?"

"A lad named Kevin, like my own brother he was, who went away to make his fortune," answered Rosaleen. "A house painter by trade."

"The spittin' image of a cat!" roared the voice. "It is so," said Rosaleen. "The Billy-cat to the life. The Nelly-cat here is own sister to him, and the Jimmy-cat and the Annie-cat and the Mickey-cat is nephews and nieces, and there's a great family look between all of them. It was the strangest thing happened to the Billy-cat, Mr. Pendleton. He sometimes didn't come in for his supper till after dark, he was so taken up with the hunting, and then one night he didn't come at all, nor the next day neither, nor the next, and me with him on my mind so I didn't get a wink of sleep. Then at midnight on the third night I did go to sleep, and the Billy-cat came into my room and lep upon my pillow and said: 'Up beyond the north field there's a maple tree with a great scar where the branch was taken away by the storm, and near to it is a flat stone, and there you'll find me. I was caught in a trap,' he says; 'wasn't set for me,' he says, 'but it got me all the same.' And now be easy in your mind about me, he says, because it's all over. Then he went away, giving me a look over his shoulder like a human creature, and I woke up Dennis and told him. Surely

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as we live, Mr. Pendleton, it was all true. So Dennis went beyond the north field and brought him home and we buried him in the garden and cried over him." Her voice broke and lowered and Dennis shuddered for fear she was going to shed tears before this stranger.

"For God's *sake,* Miz O'Toole," said the loud-mouthed man, "you can't get around that now, can you? Why, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard!"

Dennis rose, creaking a little, and hobbled around to the east side of the house in time to see a round man with a flabby red face climbing into a rusty old car with a sign painted on the door. "Always something, now," he commented, putting his head in at the kitchen door. "Always telling a tall tale!"

"Well," said Rosaleen, without the least shame, "he wanted a story so I gave him a good one. That's the Irish in me."

"Always making a thing more than it is," said Dennis. "That's the way it goes." Rosaleen turned a little edgy. "Out with ye!" she cried, and the cats never budged a whisker. "The kitchen's no place for a man! How often must I tell ye?"

"Well, hand me my hat, will you?" said Dennis, for his hat hung on a nail over the calendar and had hung there within easy reach ever since they had lived in the farm house. A few minutes later he wanted his pipe, lying on the lamp shelf where he always kept it. Next he had to have his barn boots at once, though he hadn't seen them for a month. At last he thought of something to say, and opened the door a few inches.

"Wherever have I been sitting unmolested for the past ten years?" he asked, looking at his easy chair with the pillow freshly plumped, side ways to the big table. "And to-day it's no place for me?"

"If ye grumble ye'll be sorry," said Rosaleen gayly, "and now clear out before I hurl something at ye!"

Dennis put his hat on the parlor table and his boots under the sofa, and sat on the front steps and lit his pipe. It would soon be cold weather, and he wished he had his old leather jacket off the hook on the kitchen door. Whatever was Rosaleen up to now? He decided that Rosaleen was always doing the Irish a great wrong by putting her own faults off on them. To be Irish, he felt, was to be like him, a sober, practical, thinking man, a lover of truth. Rosaleen couldn't see it at all. "It's just your head is like a stone!" she said to him once, pretending she was joking, but she meant it. She had never appreciated him, that was it. And neither had his first wife. Whatever he gave them, they always wanted something else. When he was young and poor his first wife wanted money. And when he was a steady man with money in the bank, his second wife wanted a young man full of life. "They're all born ingrates one way or another," he decided, and felt better at once, as if at last he had something solid to stand on. In October a man could get his death sitting on the steps like this, and little she cared! He clacked his teeth together and felt how they didn't fit any more, and his feet and hands seemed tied on him with strings.

All the while Rosaleen didn't look to be a year older. She might almost be doing it to spite him, except that she wasn't the spiteful kind. He'd be bound to say that for her. But she couldn't forget that her girlhood had been a great triumph in Ireland, and she was forever telling him tales about it, and telling them again. This youth of hers was clearer in his mind than his own. He couldn't remember one thing over another that had happened to him. His past lay like a great lump within him; there it was, he knew it all at once, when he thought of it, like a chest a man has packed away, knowing all that is in it without troubling to name or count the objects. All in a lump it had not been an easy life being named Dennis O'Toole in Bristol, England, where he was brought up and worked sooner than he was able at the first jobs he could find. And his English wife had never forgiven him for pulling her up by the roots and bringing her to New York, where his brothers and sisters were, and a better job. All the long years he had been first a waiter and then head waiter in a New York hotel had telescoped in his mind, somehow. It wasn't the best of hotels, to be sure, but still he was head waiter and there was good money in it, enough to buy this farm in Connecticut and have a little steady money coming in, and what more could Rosaleen ask?

He was not unhappy over his first wife's death a few years after they left England, because they had never really liked each other, and it seemed to him now that even before she was dead he had made up his mind, if she did die, never to marry again. He had held out on this until he was nearly fifty, when

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he met Rosaleen at a dance in the County Sligo hall far over on East 86th Street. She was a great tall rosy girl, a prize dancer, and the boys were fairly fighting over her. She led him a dance then for two years before she would have him. She said there was nothing against him except he came from Bristol, and the outland Irish had the name of people you couldn't trust. She couldn't say why—it was just a name they had, worse than Dublin people itself. No decent Sligo girl would marry a Dublin man if he was the last man on earth. Dennis didn't believe this, he'd never heard any such thing against the Dubliners; he thought a country girl would lep at the chance to marry a city man whatever. Rosaleen said, "Maybe," but he'd see whether she would lep to marry Bristol Irish. She was chambermaid in a rich woman's house, a fiend of darkness if there ever was one, said Rosaleen, and at first Dennis had been uneasy about the whole thing, fearing a young girl who had to work so hard might be marrying an older man for his money, but before the two years were up he had got over that notion.

It wasn't long after they were married Dennis began almost to wish sometimes he had let one of those strong-armed boys have her, but he had been fond of her, she was a fine good girl, and after she cooled down a little, he knew he could have never done better. The only thing was, he wished it had been Rosaleen he had married that first time in Bristol, and now they'd be settled better together, nearer an age. Thirty years was too much difference altogether. But he never said any such thing to Rosaleen. A man owes something to himself. He knocked out his pipe on the foot scraper and felt a real need to go in the kitchen and find a pipe cleaner.

Rosaleen said, "Come in and welcome!" He stood peering around wondering what she had been making. She warned him: "I'm off to milk now, and mind ye keep your eyes in your pocket. The cow, now—the creature! Pretty soon she'll be jumping the stone walls after the apples, and running wild through the fields roaring, and it's all for another calf only, the poor deceived thing!" Dennis said, "I don't see what deceit there is in that." "Oh, don't you now?" said Rosaleen, and gathered up her milk pails.

The kitchen was warm and Dennis felt at home again. The kettle was simmering for tea, the cats lay curled or sprawled as they chose, and Dennis sat within himself smiling a sunken smile, cleaning his pipe. In the barn Rosaleen looped up her purple gingham skirts and sat with her forehead pressed against the warm, calm side of the cow, drawing two thick streams of milk into the pail. She said to the cow: "It's no life, no life at all. A man of his years is no comfort to a woman," and went on with a slow murmur that was not complaining about the things of her life.

She wished sometimes they had never come to Connecticut where there was nobody to talk to but Rooshans and Polacks and Wops no better than Black Protestants when you come right down to it. And the natives were worse even. A picture of her neighbors up the hill came into her mind: a starved-looking woman in a blackish gray dress, and a jaundiced man with red-rimmed eyes, and their mizzle-witted boy. On Sundays they shambled by in their sad old shoes, walking to the meeting-house, but that was all the religion they had, thought Rosaleen, contemptuously. On week days they beat the poor boy and the animals, and fought between themselves. Never a feast-day, nor a bit of bright color in their clothes, nor a Christian look out of their eyes for a living soul. "It's just living in mortal sin from one day to the next," said Rosaleen. But it was Dennis getting old that took the heart out of her. And him with the grandest head of hair she had ever seen on a man. A fine man, oh, a fine man Dennis was in those days! Dennis rose before her eyes in his black suit and white gloves, a knowledgeable man who could tell the richest people the right things to order for a good dinner, such a gentleman in his stiff white shirt front, managing the waiters on the one hand and the customers on the other, and making good money at it. And now. No, she couldn't believe it was Dennis any more. Where was Dennis now? and where was Kevin? She was sorry now she had spited him about his girl. It had been all in fun, really, no harm meant. It was strange if you couldn't speak your heart out to a good friend. Kevin had showed her the picture of his girl, like a clap of thunder it came one day when Rosaleen hadn't even heard there was one. She was a waitress in New York, and if ever Rosaleen had laid eyes on a brassy, bold-faced hussy, the kind the boys make jokes about at home, the kind that comes out to New York and goes wrong, this was the one. "You're never never keeping

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steady with her, are you?" Rosaleen had cried out and the tears came to her eyes. "And why not?" asked Kevin, his chin square as a box. "We've been great now for three years. Who says a word against her says it against me." And there they were, not exactly quarrelling, but not friends for the moment, certainly, with Kevin putting the picture back in his pocket, saying: "There's the last of it between us. I was greatly wrong to tell ye!"

That night he was packing up his clothes before he went to bed, but came down afterward and sat on the steps with them, and they made it up by saying nothing, as if nothing had happened. "A man must do something with his life," Kevin explained. "There's always a place to be made in the world, and I'm off to New York, or Boston, maybe." Rosaleen said, "Write me a letter, don't forget, I'll be waiting." "The very day I know where I'll be," he promised her. They had parted with false wide smiles on their faces, arms around each other to the very gate. There had come a postcard from New York of the Woolworth Building, with a word on it: "This is my hotel. Kevin." And never another word for these five years. The wretch, the stump! After he had disappeared down the road with his suitcase strapped on his shoulders, Rosaleen had gone back in the house and had looked at herself in the square looking-glass beside the kitchen window. There was a ripple in the glass and a crack across the middle, and it was like seeing your face in water. "Before God I don't look like that," she said, hanging it on the nail again. "If I did, it's no wonder he was leaving. But I don't." She knew in her heart no good would come of him running off after that common-looking girl; but it was likely he'd find her out soon, and come back, for Kevin was nobody's fool. She waited and watched for Kevin to come back and confess she had been right, and he would say, "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings over somebody not fit to look at you!" But now it was five years. She hung a drapery of crochet lace over the frame on the Billy-cat's picture, and propped it up on a small table in the kitchen, and sometimes it gave her an excuse to mention Kevin's name again, though the sound of it was a crack on the ear drums to Dennis. "Don't speak of him," said Dennis, more than once. "He owed it to send us word. It's ingratitude I can't stand." Whatever was she going to do with Dennis now, she wondered, and sighed heavily into the flank of the cow. It wasn't being a wife at all to wrap a man in flannels like a baby and put hot water bottles to him. She got up sighing and kicked back the stool. "There you are now," she said to the cow.

She couldn't help feeling happy all at once at the sight of the lamp and the fire making everything cosy, and the smell of vanilla reminded her of perfume. She set the table with a white-fringed cloth while Dennis strained the milk. "Now Dennis, today's a big day, and we're having a feast for it."

"Is it All-Souls?" asked Dennis, who never looked at a calendar any more. What's a day, more or less? "It is not," said Rosaleen, "draw up your chair now." Dennis made another guess it was Christmas, and Rosaleen said it was a better day than Christmas, even. "I can't think what," said Dennis, looking at the glossy baked goose. "It's nobody's birthday that I mind." Rosaleen lifted the curtain of the corner shelves and brought out a cake like a mound of new snow blooming with candles. "Count them and see what day is this, will you?" she urged him. Dennis counted them with a waggling forefinger. "So it is, Rosaleen, so it is." They went on bandying words. It had slipped his mind entirely. Rosaleen wanted to know when hadn't it slipped his mind? For all he ever thought of it, they might never have had a wedding day at all. "That's not so," said Dennis. "I mind well I married you. It's the date that slips me."

"You might as well be English," said Rosaleen, "you might just as well." She glanced at the clock, and reminded him it was twenty-five years ago that morning at ten o'clock, and to-night the very hour they had sat down to their first married dinner together. Dennis thought maybe it was telling people what to eat and then watching them eat it all those years that had taken away his wish for food. "You know I can't eat cake," he said. "It upsets my stomach."

Rosaleen felt sure her cake wouldn't upset the stomach of a nursing child. Dennis knew better, any kind of cake sat on him like a stone. While the argument went on, they ate nearly all the goose which fairly melted on the tongue, and finished with wedges of cake and floods of tea, and Dennis had to admit he hadn't felt better in years. He looked at her sitting across the table from him and thought she was a very fine woman, noticed again her red hair and yellow eyelashes and big arms and

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strong big teeth, and wondered what she thought of him now he was no human good to her. Here he was, all gone, and he had been so for years, and he felt guilt sometimes before Rosaleen, who couldn't always understand how there comes a time when a man is finished, and there is no more to be done that way. Rosaleen poured out two small glasses of home-made cherry brandy. "I could feel like dancing itself this night, Dennis," she told him. "Do you remember the first time we met in Sligo Hall with the band playing?" She gave him another glass of brandy and took one herself and leaned over with her eyes shining as if she was telling him something he had never heard before.

"I remember a boy in Ireland was a great step-dancer, the best, and he was wild about me and I was a devil to him. Now what makes a girl like that, Dennis? He was a fine match, too, all the girls were glad of a chance with him, but I wasn't. He said to me a thousand times, 'Rosaleen, why won't ye dance with me just once?' And I'd say, 'Ye've plenty to dance with ye without my wasting my time.' And so it went for the summer long with him not dancing at all and everybody plaguing the living life out of him, till in the end I danced with him. Afterwards he walked home with me and a crowd of them, and there was a heaven full of stars and the dogs barking far off. Then I promised to keep steady with him, and was sorry for it the minute I promised. I was like that. We used to be the whole day getting ready for the dances, washing our hair and curling it and trying on our dresses and trimming them, laughing fit to kill about the boys and making up things to say to them. When my sister Honora was married they took me for the bride, Dennis, with my white dress ruffled to the heels and my hair with a wreath. Everybody drank my health for the belle of the ball, and said I would surely be the next bride. Honora said for me to save my blushes or I'd have none left for my own wedding. She was always jealous, Dennis, she's jealous of me to this day, you know that."

"Maybe so," said Dennis.

"There's no maybe about it," said Rosaleen. "But we had grand times together when we was little. I mind the time when my great-grandfather was ninety years old and on his death-bed. We watched by turns the night——"

"And he was a weary time on it," said Dennis, to show his interest. He was so sleepy he could hardly hold up his head.

"He was," said Rosaleen, "so this night Honora and I were watching, and we were yawning our hearts out of us, for there had been a great ball the night before. Our mother told us, 'Feel his feet from time to time, and when you feel the chill rising, you'll know he's near the end. He can't last out the night,' she said, but stay by him. So there we were drinking tea and laughing together in whispers to keep awake, and the old man lying there with his chin propped on the quilt. 'Wait a minute,' says Honora, and she felt his feet. 'They're getting cold,' she says, and went on telling me what she had said to Shane at the ball, how he was jealous of Terence and asks her can he trust her out of his sight. And Honora says to Shane, 'No, you cannot,' and oh, but he was roaring mad with anger! Then Honora stuffs her fist in her mouth to keep down the giggles. I felt great-grandfather's feet and they was like clay to the knees, and I says, 'Maybe we'd better call somebody'; but Honora says, 'Oh, there's a power of him left to get cold yet!' So we poured out tea and began to comb and braid each other's hair, and fell to whispering our secrets and laughing more. Then Honora put her hand under the quilt and said, 'Rosaleen, his stomach's cold, it's gone he must be by now.' Then great-grandfather opened the one eye full of rage and says, 'It's nothing of the kind, and to hell with ye!' We let out a great scream, and the others came flying in, and Honora cried out, 'Oh, he's dead and gone surely, God rest him!' And would you believe it, it was so. He was gone. And while the old women were washing him Honora and me sat down laughing and crying in the one breath . . . and it was six months later to the very day great-grandfather came to me in the dream, the way I told you, and he was still after Honora and me for laughing in the watch. 'I've a great mind to thrash ye within an inch of your life,' he told me, 'only I'm wailing in Purgatory this minute for them last words to ye. Go and have an extra Mass said for the repose of me soul because it's by your misconduct I'm here at all,' he says to me. 'Get a move on now,' he said. 'And be damned to ye!' "

"And you woke up in a sweat," said Dennis, "and was off to Mass before daybreak." Rosaleen nodded her head. "Ah, Dennis, if I'd set my heart on that boy I need never have left Ireland.

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And when I think how it all came out with him. With me so far away, him struck on the head and left for dead in a ditch."

"You dreamed that," said Dennis.

"Surely I dreamed it, and it is so. When I was crying and crying over him—" Rosaleen was proud of her crying—"I didn't know then what good luck I would find here."

Dennis couldn't think what good luck she was talking about. "Let it pass, then," said Rosaleen. She went to the corner shelves again. "The man to-day was selling pipes," she said, "and I bought the finest he had." It was an imitation meerschaum pipe carved with a crested lion glaring out of a jungle and it was as big as a man's fist. Dennis said, "You must have paid a pretty penny for that." "It doesn't concern ye," said Rosaleen. "I wanted to give ye a pipe." Dennis said, "It's grand carving, I wonder if it'll draw at all." He filled it and lit it and said there wasn't much taste on a new one, for he was tired holding it up. "It is such a pipe as my father had once," Rosaleen said to encourage him. "And in no time it was fit to knock ye off your feet," he said. "So it will be a fine pipe some day."

"And some day I'll be in my tomb," thought Dennis, bitterly, "and she'll find a man can keep her quiet."

When they were in bed Rosaleen took his head on her shoulder. "Dennis, I could cry for the wink of an eyelash. When I think how happy we were that wedding day."

"From the way you carried on," said Dennis, feeling very sly all of a sudden on that brandy, "I thought different."

"Go to sleep," said Rosaleen, prudishly. "That's no way to talk."

Dennis' head fell back like a bag of sand on the pillow. Rosaleen could not sleep, and lay thinking about marriage: not about her own, for once you've given your word there's nothing to think about in it, but all other kinds of marriages, unhappy ones: where the husband drinks, or won't work, or mistreats his wife and the children. Where the wife runs away from home, or spoils the children or neglects them, or turns a perfect strumpet and flirts with other men: where a woman marries a man too young for her, and he feels cheated and strays after other women till it's just a disgrace: or take when a young girl marries an old man, even if he has money she's bound to be disappointed some way. If Dennis hadn't been such a good man, God knows what might have come out of it. She was lucky. It would break your heart to dwell on it. Her black mood closed down on her and she wanted to walk the floor holding her head and remembering every unhappy thing in the world. She had had nothing but disasters, one after another, and she couldn't get over them, no matter how long ago they happened. Once she had let entirely the wrong man kiss her, she had almost got into bad trouble with him, and even now her heart stopped on her when she thought how near she'd come to being a girl with no character. There was the Billy-cat and his good heart and his sad death, and it was mixed up with the time her father had been knocked down, by a runaway horse, when the drink was in him, and the time when she had to wear mended stockings to a big ball because that sneaky Honora had stolen the only good ones.

She wished now she'd had a dozen children instead of the one that died in two days. This half-forgotten child suddenly lived again in her, she began to weep for him with all the freshness of her first agony; now he would be a fine grown man and the dear love of her heart. The image of him floated before her eyes plain as day, and became Kevin, painting the barn and the pig sty all colors of the rainbow, the brush swinging in his hand like a bell. He would work like a wild man for days and then lie for days under the trees, idle as a tramp. The darling, the darling lad like her own son. A painter by trade was a nice living, but she couldn't bear the thought of him boarding around the country with the heathen Rooshans and Polacks and Wops with their liquor stills and their outlandish lingo. She said as much to Kevin.

"It's not a Christian way to live, and you a good County Sligo boy." So Kevin started to make jokes at her like any other Sligo boy. "I said to myself, that's a County Mayo woman if ever I clapped eyes on one." "Hold your tongue," said Rosaleen softly as a dove. "You're talking to a Sligo woman as if you didn't know it!"

"Is it so?" said Kevin in great astonishment. "Well, I'm glad of the mistake. The Mayo people are too proud for me." "And for me, too," said Rosaleen. "They beat the world for holding up their chins about nothing." "They do so," said Kevin, "but the Sligo people have a right to be proud." "And you've a right to live in a good Irish house," said Rosaleen, "so you'd best come with

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New China Looks to the West

By Grover Clark

The Westernizing of China has been an important factor in the remarkable resistance to the Japanese at Shanghai. The extent of the infiltration of foreign ideas is shown by an observer of wide experience in Chinese affairs.

WHEN Japan's Westernized armies swept across Manchuria last autumn, the Chinese, except for one minor officer and his troops, deliberately did not resist. Japan won an overwhelmingly easy "victory"—almost as easy a victory as she had won when she first used her modern army and navy in the war with China in 1894–95. For many people, outside of Japan and in, these events in Manchuria simply confirmed the belief that China still is the inchoate mass, unable effectively to resist modern armed forces, which it had been in all the four centuries of modern Western penetration into the Far East.

The Japanese military leaders thought so. Their ideas were confirmed, they thought, by their experiences in Manchuria in 1931. Then, for various reasons, not the least important of which was the fact that they had become drunk with success, they moved at Shanghai in January, 1932. This time the Chinese fought back. The Chinese dragon suddenly began to spit devastating blasts of machine-gun bullets, and it refused to move from its entrenchments. Many who thought they knew China were astounded—the Japanese military most painfully so.

China learned modern militarism from foreign nations and individual foreigners. But she has not yet completely absorbed the lesson. She has not yet created for herself armies equipped and trained to equal in fighting efficiency those of other nations. She also is not yet quite sure of her own effectiveness in modern battle, even with her superiority in numbers. So she hesitates between the old course of passive but temporary yielding to outside pressure and the new way of active resistance and self-assertion. In the military field, in other words, China is only half-way along the road from her ineffective mediæval past into her effective and organized future.

She is at a similar half-way point in many other fields. Within the past few years, as discussed in a previous article of mine in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, the Chinese have taken control of reconstruction in their own country. Foreigners, however, started the reconstruction ball rolling, and the modern West has had and still has a tremendous influence—though only one in each three thousand of the inhabitants of China is a Westerner. Western influence in China has been due to ideas, not numbers; to the flooding of China's vast and ancient civilization by new conceptions, new techniques, new articles of use and enjoyment, new standards of life and conduct. People, money and armed strength from the West have been simply the sluices through which the flood of Western ways and ideas poured over the land—these and the thousands of Chinese who have gone to the West to study or work.

II

No figures possibly could tell the whole story of the extent to which Western goods and ideas have altered the life of the people of China, even if full statistics were available—as they are not. But certain figures are significant in throwing a light on the tangible aspects of the Westernizing process.

China's foreign trade has grown amazingly, for example—by 1,595 per cent in the six decades between 1870 and 1930. But that increase has been, actually and proportionately, much more rapid since China definitely turned her face Westward following the disastrous Boxer uprising of 1900 which drove home the lesson that she could not continue to scorn the "Western barbarians." The trade increase between 1870 and 1900 was 180 per cent; that between 1900 and 1930 was 506 per cent.

It is significant, too, that this trade increase has been proportionately larger in imports than in exports. Imports grew by 200 per cent from 1870 to 1900 and by 532 per cent in the next thirty years. Exports, on the other hand, increased only 158 per cent in the first three decades of the past sixty years, and 470 per cent in the next period. The growth in imports represents an increase in the

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number and variety of foreign goods which the Chinese use—in large part goods which previously they simply did not have. It reflects, therefore, a rapidly increasing complexity of life and a rise in the standard of living due directly to Western influence. The increase in exports, both in quantity and variety, also reflects the changes in ways of living as a result of the introduction of the demand for new goods for foreign markets.

The imports all carry heavy "invisible cargoes" of new ideas and new ways of doing and living. To-day, even on the borders of Tibet or in the centre of far Chinese Turkestan, one can buy matches to light a lamp filled with kerosene and puff a cigarette while one looks at one's wrist watch—every one of these articles being bought on the spot and all of them being utterly unknown thirty years ago except in a few coast cities. It would be difficult to overestimate the far-reaching changes in ways of thinking as well as of living for which the Western traders have been directly responsible through their activity in pushing the sale of new kinds of goods throughout China. The demand abroad for Chinese goods also has had a far-reaching influence through creating new means of getting a living and through the introduction of new industrial and financial technics.

The increase in foreign trade is one of the aspects of the far-flung economic revolution which the Westerners started in China. That revolution has had many other aspects.

Modern manufacturing, for example, already has made a substantial beginning, particularly in the textile field. The first cotton mill was built in 1888. In 1906 twenty-two mills were in operation; in 1930 the number had grown to 127. The number of spindles increased by 519 per cent between 1906 and 1930—and since the beginning more than half of the spindles have been in mills owned by Chinese. Other manufacturing has had a similar growth. No exact figures are available, but estimates give 550 modernized factories in 1912 (the first year of the Republic) and just over 2,100 in 1925. In 1930 there were 1,781 factories in Shanghai alone, and 789 in the Japanese-influenced areas in Manchuria. It probably would be safe to say that there are in China to-day at least 4,000 more or less modern-style factories, not counting many more quite small plants, in which something like $400,000,000 has been invested, and that well over half of this investment has been by Chinese. Tariff "protection" and other means are being used by the government to encourage the development of modern industry. Both the total of manufacturing and the Chinese share are increasing steadily.

Transportation facilities also are improving. In 1912, China had 5,925 miles of railways and no motor roads outside the principal cities. In 1930 her railways totalled 10,870 miles (an increase of 83.5 per cent) and there were over 40,000 miles of usable motor roads on which close to 45,000 automobiles carried passengers and freight. The Chinese share in this development of transportation has been especially significant in recent years. In 1912 only 22.7 per cent of the railway mileage (1,342 miles) was under entirely Chinese control, and only 7.5 per cent (446 miles) had been built entirely with Chinese money. In 1930, 34 per cent (3,698 miles) was entirely Chinese-controlled, and Chinese money alone had built 17.8 per cent (1,928 miles) of the total. Approximately 80 per cent (1,540 miles) of this construction with Chinese money has been done in the past five years. Some of the motor roads have been built under foreign direction, as famine relief and prevention projects, but most of this building and virtually all of the use of the roads for transporation are entirely Chinese.

Modern banking by the Chinese also has grown rapidly. Until quite recently, practically all of China's foreign trade financing was done by foreign banks in China. Now the Chinese are doing much of this, through their own banks in China and through direct connections abroad. In 1911 there were only thirteen modern-style Chinese banks, with a total capital of $28,881,000. At the end of 1930 the Chinese Bankers Association listed 161 such banks, with a combined capital of $143,593,000—and this figure does not include some 400 or more small banks operating in 1930. The increase was 397 per cent in capital and 1,138 per cent in the number of banks in the twenty years.

In earlier days, too, the Chinese government was completely dependent on foreign sources for substantial loans. The money needed for reorganization as late as in 1913, for example, could not be secured at home because the Chinese had not yet acquired the idea of investing in securities. The foreigners loaned China £25,000,000 in that year—but that was the last big foreign loan. The Nationalist government, on the other hand, has been able to make domestic borrowings since 1927 totalling the equivalent of over £52,000,000. China still is

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by no means independent of foreign financing, but she quite definitely has passed the point at which foreigners could dictate any terms they chose for trade financing or for loans to the government.

These are some of the fields in which the economic revolution is developing. The foreign traders went to China to make money. They have made it. But the by-products of their effort have been of much more significance to the world than their profits. Not the least important of these by-products is this economic revolution, which is playing a vital if not predominant part in the whole process of reconstruction in China.

III

The foreign missionaries have been specifically concerned with the introduction of new ideas, as the traders have not. Their influence cannot be measured in figures—though some figures are interesting.

In 1900 there were approximately 175,000 Protestant communicants in China, and about 745,000 Catholics. In 1930 the Protestant church membership had increased to roughly 500,000 and the Catholic to 2,500,000. This was a total growth of 226 per cent (compared with a growth of 506 per cent in foreign trade for the same period)—but even in 1930 the entire Christian church membership formed less than 0.7 per cent of the total population.

The first approximately definite figures for missionary school attendance are for 1921. In that year there were about 215,000 students in the Protestant schools and 185,000 in the Catholic. By 1930 the numbers had grown to 300,000 and 260,000, respectively—an increase in the total of 40.0 per cent (compared with an increase in attendance at the modern-style purely Chinese schools of 84.5 per cent). In 1921 the students in Christian schools were approximately 5.8 per cent of the total modern-school attendance; in 1930 they were 4.5 per cent.

In 1907—the first year for which statistics are available—the Protestant hospitals and dispensaries gave approximately 1,000,000 treatments, the Catholic somewhat less. In 1930 the total of treatments was approximately 8,000,000, the number being about equally divided between the Protestant and Catholic medical institutions. This was an increase of around 350 per cent in the total.

It would be gravely unfair, of course, to try to measure missionary influence in China simply in terms of church membership, school attendance or medical treatments. These figures do indicate, however, the amazingly small numerically measurable results of missionary work in the country, considering the fact that Catholic missionaries have been at work for well over three hundred years (counting only since the beginning of the modern period) and Protestant missionaries since 1807.

Figures as to the cost of missionary work are not available, except in the most general terms. Investments in missionary property of all kinds total about $200,000,000. Total foreign contributions for operations in recent years have amounted to between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000 a year. Working from known costs and using the increase in membership as a base, it is reasonably safe to say that since 1900 around $750,000,000 of foreign money has been put into Christian missionary work of all kinds in China, and that the total expenditures since the first Protestant missionary landed in 1807 have been something over $1,000,000,000.

What the profits of the traders have been during that same period, incidentally, it would be impossible to say. There is little doubt, however, that these profits have amounted to considerably more than a billion dollars. Even if the net costs (the gross costs less the indemnities) to foreigners of the various wars which they have waged in China, and the unpaid foreign debts, be entered on the debit side along with the missionary costs, the balance probably would be a substantial profit for the foreigners. The West as a whole, without much doubt, has made money out of China in the past century and a quarter. Moreover, the money which has been put into missionary and philanthropic work of all kinds has played a large part in helping to create new markets for Western goods and new sources of materials for Western markets. The money has been well invested, even from a strictly business view.

The most important effects of missionary work in China, however, have been indirect and are not measurable in money or other statistical terms. From the missionaries, to cite one illustration, very largely came the impetus which has led to the wide-ranging development of modern education, though the direction and control of that development now are largely Chinese.

In 1906 the students in the Chinese government

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and private schools run on modern lines numbered less than 500,000. That was the year after the Empress Dowager opened the examinations for official position to students of other subjects than the ancient classics. In 1912, as the Republic started, the figure had reached nearly 3,000,000. By 1922 the total was over 6,500,000. In 1930 it was approximately 12,000,000—an increase from 1922 of 84.5 per cent. Besides those in these regular modernized schools, many more in recent years have been getting a rudimentary education in the "mass education" courses and in the hundreds of classes which Chinese college and secondary-school students have been carrying on for the farmers and the city poor. Those in these classes outside the regular schools numbered around 150,000 in 1922 but well over 2,000,000 in 1930. In addition, a large number still go to the old-style village and temple schools. Probably conservative figures of the total school population of China would be: 1,250,000 in 1906; 4,500,000 in 1912; 9,000,000 in 1922 and 17,000,000 in 1930.

More generally, missionaries played a leading rôle in opening up the channels of intellectual contact between East and West—in science, in politics, in philosophy, in social organization as well as in religion. In scores of ways, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes deliberately, they urged the Chinese to familiarize themselves with what the West was doing and thinking and to put into practice in their own country and their individual lives ideas which prevailed in the West.

Specifically Christian preaching was one part of this activity. It would be utterly impossible to estimate the precise degree to which the Christian teachings as such have influenced China—though China still is very far indeed from becoming an avowedly Christian nation—but the indirect influence of the ethical teachings which are a part of the Christian religion has been considerable. The Christian efforts, too, both foreign and, in recent years, increasingly Chinese, have stimulated to new life the older Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. Reform movements have started among the leaders of these groups, the Confucian and Buddhist revivals being particularly active.

IV

So much for something of the part which Westerners have played and are playing in the Westernizing of China. The Chinese in every field have taken or are taking over control of future developments. While the "new China" of twenty years ago was in large part the creation of foreigners, the "new China" of to-day and to-morrow is and will be created by the Chinese. They will borrow from the West and from their own past, but they and not outsiders will decide how these borrowings are to be used.

What will the future be? No one can answer that question conclusively—and in making any attempt even to suggest the most general of answers one steps at once into the field of speculation where any judgment is personal and distinctly fallible. Yet certain facts are clear, and certain tendencies are apparent.

In many ways, the most fundamental changes are likely to result from the economic revolution which the Western traders rather than the Western missionaries set going. This revolution is doing much more than simply altering the superficial ways of living of the people. It is undermining the very foundations of Chinese society.

Through the centuries, the worker in China has worked in and near his home, and the members of the family have lived in the main close to where they were born. The modern factory wrecks this system. The workers, instead of staying near home, are congregated—herded is a better word—in large centres, generally far from their home villages. The worker is completely cut off from the steadying influences and responsibilities which were his under the old family and guild system.

The introduction of Western business methods also undermines the family and the guild. Under old conditions business enterprises were carried on by what in effect were partnerships, usually within one or two families. Even the Shansi Bankers' Guild which did business all over the country was in the hands of a small group of families. Business relations, too, were almost entirely personal. The limited liability stock corporation, working impersonally and on a large scale, was as unknown in China as it was in the West until comparatively recently. Investments were a matter of turning money over to some person whom one trusted. Savings were kept in the house, not put to work earning money as deposits in a bank or through the purchase of impersonalized stocks or bonds.

The modern business conceptions and practices which the West is introducing in China thus completely upset the personal, family and guild founda-

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tions of the old economic structure. In due course the newer ways will in a measure replace the old, but in the meantime much confusion is inevitable.

The development of modern transportation likewise tends to destroy the old family system. With the railways carrying over 8,000,000 passengers a year and motor buses carrying millions more—most of these travellers being persons who in an earlier day would have stayed at home—the old ties inevitably are loosened. The Chinese still are very far from being as nomadic as the Americans have become, but already they are definitely less fixed to their birthplaces than they were even a quarter of a century ago.

Western ideas of individual rights, penetrating into the far corners of the land through the semi-modernized schools, the students, books, newspapers and even movies, also are cutting away the old absolute authority of the family. Marriage, for example, still is a matter in which most of the Chinese boys and girls have little chance to exercise individual preferences, but the revolt for individual freedom has given many thousands the chance to choose their own mates. Women in the old days were members of the family, under the legal control of the men. To-day in inheritance and divorce rights they are legally equal to their husbands and brothers. Failure in one's filial duty still is one of the cardinal sins for most Chinese, but more and more fathers are consulting their sons'—and their daughters'—wishes instead of simply issuing arbitrary orders.

All of these family-disrupting influences will increase rather than grow less. China's industry and trade will develop, bringing more and more different ways of getting a living. Modern business methods will become increasingly the rule. Modern transportation facilities will become more numerous, and more people will move about.

It seems safe to conclude, therefore, that one of the most important results of the Westernizing process which now is going on in China—perhaps the most important result as far as the country itself is concerned—will be the destruction of the old family system as China has known it for a thousand years and more, and of the guild system which was linked with the family system to form the foundation of the socio-economic organization of the nation. This wiping out of the old family-and-guild system will mean the destruction of that part of Chinese civilization which more than any other has kept the nation stable, coherent and basically peaceful through the centuries.

But two fundamental factors in the Chinese situation will not change. China's population, in the settled areas, has been thickly congested. It will remain so. China has been primarily an agricultural nation. It will remain so.

Conquests by one alien race after another could not change the essential features of China's social organization because that organization was adapted admirably to the unchanging fundamental conditions under which the Chinese lived. The West, too, remained fundamentally unchanged until it got the machine and modern science. China is getting these—and they constitute the third fundamental factor in the making of the new China of the future. Only the next decades, or perhaps centuries, can tell how far-reaching the effects will be in China of the introduction of the two recreators of Western civilization—science and machinery.

V

The basic changes which now are going on in China inevitably will materially alter her relations with the other nations. China, whether the West likes it or not, is moving toward effective national coherence and, consequently, toward dominance in the Far East and far-reaching influence in the development of world civilization. It is for the West to say whether China comes into world affairs as a friendly co-operator in peaceful progress or as a distrustful enemy filled with a desire for revenge and equipped with the force to satisfy that desire.

The other nations were concerned with the growing tension between China and Japan in Manchuria, because those differences, in which there were right and wrong on both sides, threatened to lead to serious international friction. The nations, through the League of Nations, the Nine Power Treaty, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact had specifically pledged themselves to settle their disputes by peaceful means and—which is in many ways more important than the mere pledge—had set up machinery for settling international differences peacefully. Japan and China both were parties to all three of these agreements. Japan had specifically pledged herself to resort to the machinery of peace and not to the use of force to settle her disputes. This pledge applied directly to the situation in Manchuria. If Japan had submitted her Man-

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churian case to the League or to the Nine Powers in accordance with this pledge, her position would have been unassailable. By moving troops and thus by force taking decision into her own hands she put herself immediately in the wrong in relation not to the original dispute with China but to the rest of the world. The more recent Japanese moves at Shanghai have made the fundamental clash of principle between Japan and the Powers more serious, but the Shanghai events, like those following the first military moves in Manchuria during the night of September 18–19, 1931, have not created any essentially new issue.

The fundamental issue, on the settlement of which in large degree will depend the road China takes, is simple. Will the nations of the world, having entered into the most binding sort of pledges to settle their disputes by peaceful means and having set up the machinery for settling disputes peacefully, continue to accept as a reputable member of international society any nation which, under the domination of a sabre-rattling military group, deliberately persists in violating those pledges? The nations have outlawed war. Will they outlaw a nation which uses war?

Japan's experiences with the Western nations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and her observation of the continuing use of force by the West to impose its will in the East during the two hundred years when Japan's doors were closed to the outside world, compelled the leaders of the reconstruction to adopt the policy of arming Japan to meet Western aggression. By the use of the arms she acquired, Japan has raised herself to the position of one of the great Powers. The Japanese people have been proud of what their military have accomplished, and for decades the military clique dominated Japanese politics.

But the influence of the military has been weakening in recent years, as Japan's business men and civilian leaders have come to realize that only through winning and keeping the friendship of the Chinese people could Japan lay secure foundations for that mutually profitable economic co-operation with China which is necessary for Japan's existence as a modern industrialized nation. Faced with this situation at home, the Japanese military have tried at various times to create a situation in China which would give them an opportunity to regain complete control in Japan. The Japanese military moves in Shantung in 1928 were primarily moves in Japanese domestic politics, not moves to secure control in China. So was the Japanese military move in Manchuria in 1931. The Japanese military failed to regain control at home in 1928. That failure weakened their domestic position. In 1931 they succeeded, temporarily at least. There can be no assurance of peace in the Far East until the Japanese military clique is eliminated once and for all as a serious factor in Japanese politics. That will be accomplished when the Japanese people are convinced that the Japanese military party have disgraced Japan in the eyes of the world—or when Japan is completely ruined economically.

China needs no help against Japan. She can bring Japan to her knees by the use of the weapon of the economic boycott. But for its own future security the world needs clear and unequivocal assurance that war in fact has been outlawed. It still is much too early to say that the peace machinery of the world has broken down in the face of this Japanese military challenge. Moves by Secretary Stimson and the League of Nations in recent weeks have been most encouraging. But it is vitally important that the organized nations of the world shall deal with the threat of Japanese militarism themselves, rather than leave it to China to deal with Japan alone.

Recent events have convinced literally millions of Chinese that international justice and honor spring from force alone, and that consequently China must arm. There is the real menace in the situation which has been created by Japan's military clique: that this new China which is developing will turn militarist and, starting with a simple programme of self-defense, will move along the inevitable road toward a desire for revenge for all that the Western nations have done to her in the past.

China is at the parting of the ways in her attitude toward other nations. The effective waging of peace now by the Western nations will turn her toward the ways of friendly international co-operation. The effective failure of the machinery of peace to maintain peace will turn China toward militarization. China, inevitably, will come to dominate the Orient. What the Western nations now do about this crisis in the Orient will decide to a large extent whether that dominant China will bring friendly co-operation or revenge-bred war as her contribution to world development.

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A Crop of Beans

A STORY

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

A TILLIE-HAWK swooped into the top of a dead cypress. The mocking-birds and red-birds that had scurried like wind-buffeted leaves ahead of him, stirred uneasily in the live oaks and palmettos, where they had concealed themselves. The sky had emptied itself for him of living things. Against the blinding blue of the Florida afternoon hung indolent masses of white cloud. The hawk shifted from one claw to the other, hitching his shoulders like a cripple. There ran a road—a fat chicken snake—a man——

The young Cracker swung his shotgun from his waist to his shoulder in a quick semicircle. The tillie-hawk exploded into a mass of buff feathers and tumbled to the edge of the road. The Cracker girl caught her breath.

"Lige!" she reproached him. "You hadn't orter wasted a shell on a ol' tillie-hawk."

A horn sounded behind them and a truck loaded with bean hampers lurched by in the deep ruts of the sand road. Old man Tainter and his Negro driver passed without the customary "Hey!" or lift of the hand. The young woman crowded back into the dry dog-fennel. The man no more than stepped aside, unbreaching his gun. He kicked a cloud of sand after the truck.

"His beans ain't a mite better'n mine. Parts of 'em is plumb sorry-lookin'."

"They're earlier, ain't they?"

"Jest a week. He ain't no more likely to miss frost than me. Ary time, now it's a'most November, we're like to git us one o' them piddlin' leetle ol' frosts don't mean nothin'. To-night, mebbe."

They turned between chinaberries into the Widow Sellers' gate. Her sharp tongue clicked at them from the porch.

"You Lige Gentry, you, how'll I ever git my cane cut? I ain't payin' you by the week reg'lar to traipse around with your wife."

He rose to the familiar bait.

"Dog take it, ol' woman, Drenna's been a-cuttin' cane with me all evenin'. An' who'll pay fer it? Not you. I'll be hornswoggled if you ain't the meanest white woman in the county."

He stamped across the porch. Drenna dropped down on the top step, draping her gray percale skirt across her worn shoes. The widow hunched herself on the cowhide seat of her hickory rocker, drawing her shawl around her shoulders against the chill air from the northwest.

"Ain't you sick o' keepin' Drenna hangin' around where you kin look at her all the day? I ain't done laughin', the way you begun a-courtin' her, like you was huntin' a squirrel goin' acrost a oak thicket an' you tryin' to keep sight of it. How many yares ago was it? Two, three? Anyways, long enough to git you a couple o' young uns. An' you ain't sick o' lookin' at her yit!"

The young Cracker towered over her. He shook back the curly sun-bleached hair from his sweaty forehead like an infuriated bull. He plunged roaring into her trap.

"Dog take you! You ain't fitten to fish the same creek 'longside of her! Drenna, move offen the stoop away from her! You'd orter study on sayin', is she sick o' lookin' at me! A pore sorry thing like me, to git a woman——"

The Widow Sellers rocked violently in sheer delight. Her little black chinquapin eyes danced. She scratched her white head excitedly with a piece of the okra she was cutting. She shrilled above him.

"Now you said it! Now you and me agrees for onct, Mister Gentry! A pore sorry thing like you! Now you're talkin'!"

He stopped short.

"Oh, go to the devil," he said good-naturedly.

Drenna smiled uneasily. The ribald quarrelling of this pair still disturbed her. It was scandalous

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for two people so dependent on each other to talk so. No other man, black or white, would work so hard for the old woman, at the low wages of six dollars a week. Certainly no other employer would allow Lige time off every afternoon to work his own few acres. They threw these facts at each other at every encounter.

The Widow Sellers was admitting now, "Shore you works hard. Bless Katy, all you know is to work. You don't know nothin' else. You got you no sense."

"You wait 'til my beans gits top price next week. You'll say I got sense."

"You got Davis wax, eh? Them new-fangled ones. They're pretty, but they ain't got the good flavor. Sellers always planted Wardwell's. You won't never make you no crop," she said comfortably. "Here," she reached behind her rocker and pushed a pair of worn child's shoes in his hands. "I had me a box from Janey, in Alabamy. Git along to yer sorry bean-patch."

He hurled the shoes past her head.

"Give yer dogged shoes to a nigger young un."

He spat over the edge of the porch and strode off fiercely.

"Fust crop o' beans I make," he called back over his shoulder, "you've seed the last o' me, ol' woman."

"You'll be white-headed as me," she mocked after him, "an' still proud to be takin' my rations money!"

"No need to holler," he soothed from the gate. "You got you a voice like a limpkin."

"A limpkin?" she puzzled. "Thet brownified crane screeches like a wild-cat?"

"Now you said it!" he whooped.

His teeth flashed in his tanned face. He was off at a violent trot for his two acres of beans. The old woman grinned.

"Ain't he the biggety thing!"

"Hain't biggety," the young woman said gently. "Jest turrible prideful. . . . He shot him a tillie-hawk a ways back, jest account o' ol' man Tainter was drivin' up behind us. He figgers he's as good as ary man to shoot his shells reckless."

The old woman nodded and chuckled. She put down her pan of okra and picked up the child shoes, dusting them with her apron. Drenna put them under her arm.

"Thank you, ma'am. They'll fit one o' the chappies, shore."

They walked together to the road. The widow shivered.

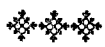
"That scamp knows as good as I do we'll git heavy frost to-night. We cain't skip it. The whole State o' Texas is a-breathin' cold in on us. Floridy don't make none o' her own troubles," she grumbled. "They all comes in from some'eres else. Wind from the south an' cold from Texas. He better say good-by to them beans to-day whilst they're pretty."

She laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"I was jest a-baitin' Lige about you. Leave me tell you, when he got you, he got him a saint."

The chinaberry cast a lacelike shadow across the translucence of the young sharp-chiselled face.

"There's no harm to neither one of you," the girl said quietly. "I don't pay no mind when either one or t'other of you gits to rarin'."



The three-room rough-pine dwelling a mile from the village was bare and shabby. Drenna's father, prospering one year in hogs, had given her a small melodeon. It was the sole ornament of the main room. When Lige was not so tired that he tumbled, sometimes in his underwear, sometimes fully dressed, into their bed in the adjoining room, he coaxed her at night to play on it. She sat stiffly upright on the seat and picked out awkward, quavering hymns.

To-night he sat teetering in his pine-slab chair, smoking his pipe, his blue eyes staring into space. His shaggy hair curled unnoticed into them. Drenna put the drowsy children, the baby and the boy of two, between clean unbleached muslin sheets over a corn-shucks mattress on the hand-made bed opposite the fireplace. When Lige did not make the usual sign, she went hesitantly to the melodeon. He relaxed a little as the notes of "Rock of Ages" wheezed sweetly from it.

"Dog take it, Drenna, thet's pretty."

His voice, with her, was gentle. Men who had grown up with him, gone their few scattered seasons with him to the village school, were still astonished at the taming of his exuberance. Passing the small house at night, they reported, through fire-lit windows, the sight of wild Lige smoking peacefully by the hearth, his eyes wide and hungry on the woman pedalling and playing. To-night the spell did not hold. Suddenly he stood up and knocked out his pipe into the lighter'd knot fire.

"I cain't set here an' let my beans freeze," he

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burst out. "Tainter's firin'. He's got him smudges all over his field. I don't figger it'll do a mite o' good to burn wood, but I got to try it."

"What wood you got to use, Lige?"

He ran his big hand across her head.

"I aim to give yer winter woodpile the devil, ma'am."

He went whistling to the field. The full moon had risen, coldly silver, on a night so still he heard the gray fox in the hammock on dry magnolia leaves. The young beans hung thickly on the bushes, slim and faintly yellow in the moonlight. The dark, tangled hammock pressed in on three sides of the clearing. The field was ordered and beautiful. He cursed out loud.

"Jesus! Only three days more'd o' made them beans——"

He had no hope of his fatwood fires, but building them, he felt better. A line of them blazed along the westerly, higher end. Thick black smoke drifted across the patch to settle in the lower corner. Drenna joined him toward midnight with a paper of cornbread. The cold was tangible. In the stillness it moved in perceptibly, a chill white ghost from Texas. Under the ineffectual blanket of smoke, it closed stiff hands tight about the succulent plants.

At daybreak, a breeze stirred from the southeast. The day, and the days following, would be warm. There would perhaps not be frost again until the next full moon. The frosted leaves were curling. White spots appeared on the beans. Then they turned translucent, like pale yellow icicles. By night they would be mush; the leaves black and shrivelled.

Walking around the wilting field, Lige saw that he had saved the lower end. The smudge had lain across the last few rows. The east line of the hammock protected them from the sun, as deadly on the injured plants as the frost itself. He made a quick estimate. Fifteen or twenty hampers saved——

He was late at the Widow Sellers', shivering in his thin blue shirt and pin-check pants. She greeted him amiably. Her own crops of okra, squash, peanuts, corn and sweet potatoes were safely harvested.

"Thermometer went to forty at day," she told him.

"No need to tell me," he answered wearily. "I been settin' up nussin' them forty degrees. I fired. I figger I jest about saved my seed an' fertilizer. I'm clearin' more o' the hammock. Next time I plant late, I'm goin' to have four acres instid o' two, all at the lower end. Then if frost ketches me, I got more'll come thu."

She stared at him.

"The bigger fool, you. You'd do best to leave off beans an' work fer me full time. I could mebbe pay ten dollars a week," she said slyly.

"You mind yer own business, ol' woman. I'll make me a crop o' beans'll git me shet o' you an' yer ten dollars, an' yer six."

She eyed him dubiously.

"What did you fire with?"

He walked away carelessly.

"A damn good wood-pile an' a damn good woman."

II

When a stranger—a Georgia truck driver or a platform buyer—asked Lige his business, he answered with a mustered defiance:

"I'm a bean man!"

It was true. The long hours he gave to the Widow Sellers' rich farms had no meaning beyond their moment. In mid-afternoon he hurried off to his own field, sweaty and excited, to turn furrows, to plant, to cultivate, to hoe, to harvest.

The quick growth of the crop stirred him. One week, the sandy loam lay golden, its expanse passive for the reception of the seed. The next week, the clearing in the hammock was covered with cotyledons, pale-green and pushing, like twin sails dotting a tawny sea. In forty-eight days the first crop was ready for picking. The emerald bushes crowded one another in the straight rows. The long beans hung like pendants, butter-yellow if they were wax, jade-green if Giant Stringless or Red Valentine.

The earth responded to him. When he and the soil were not interfered with, they made beans as fine as old man Tainter, who kept a wagon-load of niggers and bought fertilizer by the carload.

He was betrayed constantly by elements beyond his control. He fared no worse than the other growers, but the common misfortunes struck more implacably. Men who could borrow money for seed and fertilizer and rations, who were free to do other farming or stock-raising, made out more or less comfortably until the inevitable time when a good crop sold on a high market. There was a finality about his loss of a crop.

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He lost beans from cold or rain or blight three seasons in succession. The fourth season, the second autumn, he made a fair crop. The market dropped so low it scarcely paid to ship. In October he quarrelled violently with the Widow Sellers. The old woman, in a growing security that he would never shake free of her, taunted him.

"You jest as good to say yer done. You jest as good to say you got no sense fer bean-makin'. Drenna's like to go naked, and you piddlin' away with beans. Yer young uns'd be stark if 'twa'n't fer Janey's things from Alabamy. You know it. You take me up on steady work at ten dollars, afore I studies you ain't wuth nothin'."

If Drenna had been with him, he would not have touched her. He shook the old woman by the shoulders until she screeched for her neighbors. He shouted her down.

"Damn your gizzard! If I figgered like the niggers, I'd say you'd put a cunjur on my bean-field! 'Twon't be too long 'til you sees the last o' me. Dogged if I wouldn't ruther do without rations than take yer talk."

They sputtered fiercely at each other. It did not occur to her to fire him, nor to him to quit.

He was excited when he came home to supper that night. He had forgotten his anger at the widow. He had forgotten his unprofitable season. He was eager with his plans for spring beans. His lunch bucket had contained the usual meal of soda biscuits and syrup, but he sat at the table, scarcely eating. Drenna listened with her grave smile.

"We got to make out on four dollars a week this winter an' save two. I kin make me a crop o' beans on thet hammock land and I know it. I aim to have six acres ready, come spring. Does the rains come on to drownd 'em, I'll ditch. Does frost come, I'll lay me a smudge. And dog take it, Drenna, if they ain't no rain at all, and them beans goes to swivvellin', I kin water 'em a gourdful at a time."

The four-year-old nodded gravely.

"I kin water 'em."

Drenna smiled at him.

"Tell yer Daddy the whole lot of us kin tote water fer him."

"Tainter don't always make a crop," he went on, "and I cain't always lose it."

"Shore cain't," she agreed placidly.

Lige and Drenna planted when the red-bud came in bloom. All the signs were of warmth. Robins and blue-birds were moving north. The cautious chinaberry had put out young leaves. The last of the jasmine perfumed the roadside. Lige strode steadily up and down the long furrows, seeing nothing but the white seed dropping against the golden earth. Drenna stopped now and then to straighten her back. Her gray eyes rested on the rosy flush across the hammock. They picked out the swaying palms, precise and formal against a turquoise sky. When she bent to her work again, the half-smile habitual to her was brighter.

Lige sent her to the house when the end of the planting was in sight.

"Go git me my rations, woman," he told her. He turned her away from the field. "Git!" He took his hands from her shoulders. "Now shame to me. My hands has smuttied yer clean dress."

"Soap an' water's plenteeful."

His eyes followed her across the clearing and into the house.

The March night was chilly. When supper was eaten, he piled the fireplace with blocks of magnolia. The cream-colored wood gave out a sweet odor, like a mild thin spice. As the fire dulled, he threw on pine. He took off his high boots and stretched his bare sandy toes to the fire.

"Wisht I'd takened my boots off in the dark. Look at them feet. Now I got to git up an' wash 'em afore I goes to bed."

From the kitchen Drenna brought him a basin of warm water and a towel of flour sacking.

"Whooey, ain't thet fine!"

He dabbled luxuriously, drying his feet with the warm towel.

"Now you been a-waitin' on me, leave me do somethin' fer you. Leave me play fer you."

They both laughed. His playing was limited to two tunes on the mouth-organ.

"I'll blow 'The Tall Pine Tree.'"

She sat on a three-legged stool by the fireplace, her smooth head resting against the gray clay, her eyes closed. Lige played his tunes over and over, patting his bare right foot on the pine floor. The children stirred in their low bed, sighing in deep sleep. The magnolia burned into soft gray checks. Drenna nodded.

"Go on to bed, Sugar. I'll set up a whiles. I've wore you out, plantin' them beans. But Drenna—I got no question. We'll make us a crop, shore as dogs runs rabbits."

"Shore will," she agreed sleepily.

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He sat by the fire an hour after she had gone, blowing softly into the harmonica, patting his foot.

Lige saved his beans two weeks later by a scanty margin. He had planted dangerously early, and as the crooks came through, it was plain that heavy frost was moving in. Two nights in succession were increasingly colder. All the beans in the region were slightly nipped. The third night would bring real damage. A smudge would be useless over the young juicy plants. In the crisp morning he said to Drenna:

"Ain't a reason in the world why I cain't cover them leetle bean plants with dirt to-day."

But when he drove the mule and cultivator between the rows, the earth he turned did not quite cover them.

Drenna, come out to watch him, said, "Kin do it by hand, Lige."

"Six acres?"

"Well, what we kin git covered is better'n nothin'."

The work went surprisingly fast. Except for the increasing ache of their backs, it was satisfying to move rapidly down the straight lines, swinging and stooping, ape-fashion, and cup the soft yellow dirt over the tops of the plants with their two hands. The four-year-old was fascinated. He followed like a young monkey, and in his clumsy way, throwing the sand with too-great enthusiasm, imitated them on adjacent rows.

"I kin rest to-morrer," she thought, and after dinner went at it again.

They worked until the night blended plants and earth and hammock and sky into a nothingness as deep and black as a 'gator cave. Drenna brought out kerosene lanterns. They were toiling slowly. The extra labor of moving the lights seemed insupportable. The beans were covered down to a last half-acre at the lower end. They went, stooped, for they could not quite straighten their backs, to their cold bed. They could do nothing more.

The night's frost wiped out the entire section, including Tainter. Those who had the money were planting again. Those who did not were done for the season. Lige waited two days for the cold to pass. Under a benign March sun, with a neighbor boy hired in the light of his hopes, he carefully fingered the sandy loam away from his beans. The plants emerged a little yellowed, wilted and leathery, but none the worse for their warm burying.

The town was aghast at news of the saving. The Widow Sellers said to Lige:

"Nobody but you'd be fool enough to scratch dirt over six acres o' beans—and then scratch 'em out again!"

He was generous in his good fortune. He pinched her wrinkled cheek and jumped away before her quick hand fell.

"Ol' woman, don't you wisht you'd had you a rale man like me, to make you crops when nobody else couldn't make 'em?"

It became apparent that Lige would have almost the earliest beans in the State. Other sections had been drowned out on the first planting, and he would come in at least two weeks ahead of his neighbors. He ordered fancy hampers, with green and red bands. The small crate factory trusted him for them. His beans were perfection. The bushes were loaded.

His first picking was small. He and Drenna and the neighbor boy managed it without help. The beans ripened rapidly, inexorably. The storekeeper, interested, loaned him money to hire pickers. He brought in a truck-load of hands for the second picking. Drenna culled, sorted and packed. The Widow Sellers came over. Other neighbor women dropped in to look at the big crop, and stayed to help with the packing. Drenna cooked a generous dinner of ham and grits and cornbread; made a great kettle of coffee and chicory; opened Mason jars of the past summer's blueberries and peaches and figs.

In the field, white and Negro pickers worked alternate rows. The white children squatted on their haunches, sliding along from bush to bush. The Negroes for the most part bent to their picking, their black arms gathering the beans like swift sickles. The six acres were alive.

Lige worked desperately in and out of the field. The sorting and packing proceeded steadily under Drenna's quiet authority. The volunteer neighbor help chattered and gossiped, but the work was familiar, and they did it carefully. A Negro asked "Captain Gentry" for buckets of drinking water to take to the pickers. The Widow Sellers' tongue flashed like hail across the work. Her small black eyes watched uneasily the growing spread of finished hampers, stacked up to go to the express

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office. The picking totalled a hundred and thirty hampers. The neighbors divided up the cull beans and went home.

The third picking ran to nearly two hundred crates. It was the most ample yield the section had produced in seasons. The checks began to arrive. A telegram from the New York commission house preceded the first. Lige's initial shipment had brought the record price of nine dollars a hamper.

The market price dropped rapidly as other sections came in. Yet his returns were consistently good. The last three checks reached him on one mail. His net for the crop was over fifteen hundred dollars.

He went a little crazy.

III

Lige began his celebration at four o'clock in the afternoon. He hurled himself into the house; changed into Sunday clothes without washing or shaving. He slapped into Drenna's hands the accumulation of bean checks, keeping out one for fifty dollars. His stiff store collar was already wet with sweat. Tousled hair hung damp in his eyes.

"Drenna, if I ain't fitten to-morrer, you git the ice-truck to take you to Pondland and go to the bank and put these in it. It's what they calls openin' a account."

"You don't want I should git the cash-money an' fetch it back an' hide it?"

"Now, Drenna, you do like I tell you. Thet's the ol'-timey way. Don't nobody hide their money these days."

He was bounding down the low steps.

"Lige, what you fixin' to do?"

"Sugar, I'm fixin' to git so drunk you'll be 'shamed fer me all year, but I got it to do an' you got it to put up with."

He waved a long arm and was gone at his loping trot down the road toward the village, where the Brinley boys waited in their old Ford. The earth swayed from under her. She dropped trembling on the rickety stoop. She wanted to run after him, to call him back, but numbness held her. Lige had been so good; with her, so gentle. Year after year, with his bean-crops failing him, he had been patient. Yet violence simmered in him. He had been always like a great kettle of cane juice, ready, at a little too much heat, to boil over.

With her, he had been like a wild thing tamed; a 'coon or 'possum or young panther that had come to enjoy captivity. Now, in his prosperity, he had broken out of the cage and was gone, dangling his ropes behind him. For a moment, he did not seem to belong to her. It was as though a stranger had gone galloping down the road to meet the Brinley boys and get drunk.

She rose from the stoop, told the children to stay in the house, and went to the Widow Sellers.

"Yes," the old woman said before she could speak, "the grand rascal's been here an' gone. Th'owed over his job an' gone to raise him some hell."

Drenna stiffened. She lifted her chin.

"If he's took the notion to git drunk, I reckon he's got the right to do it."

The widow gaped. When the young woman turned defiantly for home again, she scurried through town telling that Drenna didn't give a rap whether Lige got drunk or no. The town buzzed with it.

"I ain't surprised at Lige, but who'd a-figgered Drenna'd turn out plumb shameless!"

No one came near her that evening. The village was busy waiting for news of Lige's hilarity to come in piece by piece. Drenna sat in her low rocker, holding the baby. The older child played in and out of the house and at last gave up asking questions. Twilight came, and still she sat, rocking and staring. She put the children to bed and went back to her rocker. The kerosene lamps went unlit. She was chilly and wrapped a patchwork quilt around her. A hoot owl startled her in the pine tree by the window. In the hammock, the first whip-poor-will gave his yearning cry.

"When the whip-poor-will calls, it's time for the corn to be in the ground."

Would Lige bother to plant corn this spring? Would he get drunk every once and again, now he had money? They had planned to repair the leaking shingled roof; to buy hogs and raise peanuts and chufas; there was money in stock, if you could get a start; to have a real mattress for the bed, some more chairs and a new cook-stove; to take a trip to Alabama to visit Drenna's folks; to be done once and for all with the Widow Sellers; and of course, to lay by money for an increasing acreage of beans.

She listened intently at every sound. A car went by; a nigger riding a mule and singing. A pair of hounds bayed past, trailing 'coon. She was drows-

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ing in her chair when a clatter sounded on the porch and Lige was home.

"'Lo, Sugar. I shore done the job."

She was trembling again. To keep from looking at him, she did not light a lamp. He was knocking into everything. She took his arm and led him into the bedroom.

"Lay down, Lige, an' leave me take off your shoes an' breeches."

He was asleep, puffing and moaning, before she could undress him. She got off his shoes and threw a cover over him. Lying between the babies, she dozed the two or three hours until daylight.

She roused him at breakfast-time to offer a cup of coffee. He took a few swallows and was suddenly sick. He turned over on his side, groaning, and went to sleep again. She shut the door of the room when she saw two women coming up the walk.

People came all morning; women to bring her juicy bits about the drunken night, with Lige and the Brinleys and the Twillers and Tom Parker driving all over the county shouting and treating everybody. Men came to ask, grinning, if she needed any help with Lige; curious, to see how she was taking it; and men and women grabbing for the bean money.

The owner of the crate factory came for his pay. She gave him one of the checks endorsed in Lige's uneven hand. The storekeeper came for the picking money. The Widow Lykes came whining to borrow whatever she could get. Drenna was bewildered; then resentful.

She was dressed to go to Pondland to the bank when the preacher arrived. It startled her. He had never been in the house before, although she had slipped in and out of church almost every preaching Sunday. He spoke severely on the sin of drunkenness. She braced herself to it. He spoke at last of the desirability, under the shocking circumstances, of tithing the fortune they were squandering, and giving to the Lord. She caught her breath. The parson was after the bean money, too.

Fury took possession of her, like a moccasin swallowing a small gray rabbit. She hated everybody; Lige, crying out now and then behind the closed door in his drunken sickness; the town, with its intruding eyes and waggling tongues; the Widow Sellers; the parson; above everything else, the bean money. She stamped her foot.

"What's a-goin' on ain't nobody's business. I'll settle with God when I git straightened out. I got no money fer you now, nor maybe never. I've give what I could fer missions, an' I always will. But I need what we got now fer the chappies an' things you know nothin' about. You go on now."

She drove him from the house, locked the door and plodded furiously down the road to hail the ice-truck. In Pondland, she opened the account at the bank with a boldness foreign to her.

"I want fifty dollars o' thet back in cash money," she said belligerently.

Her lips moved.

"Jest what Lige takened," she said to herself.

On the streets of the city again, she found herself dazed. The bills were clutched in her fist. She knew only that she intended to spend them, recklessly, foolishly, wickedly. In the shop windows were dresses for summer; hats and shoes. She smoothed back her soft hair. She had come off without any hat at all. A red chiffon dress caught her eye. She walked in a dream into the shop and pointed out the frock. The saleswomen lifted their eyebrows at one another. They helped her take off her calico dress and put on the red chiffon over her white muslin slip.

"Of course now, with a silk slip, and nice shoes——"

In the long mirror were reflected a white frightened face with gray eyes, pale tight lips, and bare arms and throat above a flaming pile of soft fabric. She nodded. The saleswoman folded the dress in tissue paper and laid it carefully in a box.

"Forty-five dollars."

She held out the bills.

Bean money. Lige's fine crop of beans. She saw the six acres, green with gold pendants hung over them. She remembered the pickers moving in with the tall hampers on their shoulders, swaying and singing. The field was empty now, waiting for fall beans. The new bills crackled in her fingers. This was all they had to show for the crop. The rest was in Lige's tormented belly; and in the strange, impersonal bank, dropped from sight like a stone in a pond.

The bean money had been queer stuff. Checks in writing, that everybody scrambled to get at. . . . Lige acting scandalously. . . . Her impudence to the preacher. . . . Now a red dress tempting her to go about like a lewd woman. She shivered.

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"I cain't do it."

She put the money behind her back.

"I cain't do it."

Outside the shop she stuffed the bills inside her blouse. She rode home on the loaded ice-truck.

She walked from the heart of the village out to the house, running the last of the way. The children were playing with chicken feathers in the sandy yard. Lige was lying awake in bed, smoking his pipe. He put his arm over his face in mock shame.

"Say it, Drenna," he grinned. "I got it comin'. Yore ol' man's disgraced ye, like I tol' you. But dog take it"—she sat on the bed, and he reached out his arms for her—"it was fine! Jest to turn thet ol' quart bottle topside down an' let 'er drip!"

She had to laugh at him. They wouldn't say any more about it. She had very nearly done as wrong as he. She had been wilder, crazier.

She was cooking dinner when the ice-truck lumbered up to the gate. Tim ran up the walk and into the house.

"Drenna! The Pondland bank's closed down! No more'n a good hour after you-all put yore money in. Tainter jest brought the word. Ev'ybody's caught."

He mopped his face and started away again.

"I got to go out back o' the Creek an' tell the Philbins."

At the gate he waved his hand to her and called:

"Tell Lige ev'ybody says they bet he'll wish he'd got twicet as drunk!"

He rattled off.

She watched the truck out of sight. She was not astonished. She had not been brought up to consider a bank the place for money. Her father had always said:

"Nothin' ain't safe ner sartin exscusin' a iron pot o' gold or siller, put deep in a place where nobody else cain't find hit."

She went into the bedroom to Lige. He was getting his wracked body into clean clothes.

"I heard him! Oh my God, Drenna!"

Sweat rolled into his blood-shot eyes.

"I'll kill somebody fer this——"

He was unsteady on his feet. He picked up his shotgun from behind the head of the bed.

"Philbin's 'll go. Buckshot's too good fer thet bank preseedent."

"Lige," she said gently.

He stopped. His eyes softened.

"No need to take on so. Banks closes and you cain't blame nobody special."

She drew out the fifty dollars from her blouse. The stiff paper was warm from the skin of her breast. He stared. The money was real and tangible.

"Reckon I was jest led to keep it out in cash-money. It'll git us seed fer fall."

"But, Drenna—all thet other gone like as if 'twas stole——"

"Don't study that-a-way. I figger, we jest lost another bean-crop."

He replaced the shotgun slowly. He sat down on the side of the bed, his muscular hands closing and unclosing. He pondered. At last he nodded gravely.

"Jest done lost us another crop o' beans."

THE NAME OF LIFE

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

This triumph, this delight,
This pause with panting breath
Is part of the wild, wounded flight,
And pain is part of it.

The pounding hoofs of the deer
Cry out: "Who followeth?"
Flight is more ecstasy than fear
At the very start of it,

For flight is the name of life,
And we have tasted death
Like the deer before the hunter's knife
Is plunged in the heart of it.

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Simple Aveu

A STORY

By Nancy Hale

"Listen, sweet," the girl said. She held the Tom Collins glass in both hands and turned it round and round between her palms. "You mustn't think I'm being awful."

"I don't think you're being awful," the man said.

"No, but I don't want you to think I'm just being promiscuous or anything. You know I'm not promiscuous, don't you?"

"Sure. I know you're not promiscuous."

"I mean, we agreed from way back that we'd tell each other if anything happened to change the way we felt."

"Sure, I know. I'm not kicking, am I?"

"No, I know you're not. But I just want you to know that I'm not just falling for this man."

"Well, what do you call it?"

She put her glass down and leaned across the table earnestly.

"Darling, don't be like that. I mean I don't want you to think I just went out and fell for him. I didn't want to fall for him."

"Sure, I know. He swept you off your feet."

"Darling, please don't talk like that. I wouldn't have fallen for him if I could have helped it."

"All right. Let's talk about something else."

"I just don't want this to end with you hating me."

"I don't hate you. Now let's talk about something else."

"All right, darling. What do you want to talk about?"

The man leaned back and put his feet up in the chair on the other side of the table.

"Hell," he said. "There's lots of things to talk about. Mussolini. Unemployment. The Spanish situation. All you have to do is read the papers."

"I wish you didn't hate me so."

"I told you I didn't hate you, for God's sake. I think you're fine. I'm just talking about something else. Can't I talk about something else?"

"Listen, why can't we go on being perfectly good friends?"

"Sure, why not? The three of us—you and me and your lovely friend. We'll all go on some swell parties together."

"I don't see why you have to hate him. He thinks you're fine."

"Tell him I'm so glad. Go out and buy him a bunch of geraniums with my compliments. Geraniums—that's for a pain in the neck."

"Oh, dear," the girl said. "I don't see why it has to end like this. I thought I was doing the right thing to tell you about it. Wouldn't you rather I told you about it and was perfectly square about it all than to just let it go on and on?"

"Sure I'm glad."

"I mean I could have just gone on letting you think I still loved you until things petered out by themselves."

"Nice picture, petering out."

"Well, just kind of rearranged themselves naturally."

"Yeah, I see."

"Oh, darling, please don't be so mad at me. I'm trying to do the best I can."

"What do you keep saying I'm mad at you for? I'm not mad at you."

"If you used to love me the way you said you did, I don't see how you could hate me so now."

"Oh, for God's sake. Let's have another drink."

"Do you think you'd better? You've had four."

The man held out his glass to the waiter. "Another Tom Collins."

"Please don't get drunk."

The man leaned toward her with elaborate attentiveness.

"Why not?"

"You know I hate to see you get drunk."

"You won't see me get drunk. You've never seen me drunk."

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"All right."

"When have you ever seen me drunk?" he persisted.

"Darling, do we have to go all through this again?"

"Hell, no. We haven't got to go through anything again. Think of that. You'll never have to tell me I'm drunk again. Think of that. From now on you can tell your swell friend he's drunk instead."

"You know, I don't believe you ever did love me."

"All right. You believe that."

"Did you?"

"No. I never loved you. I just told you so. I just went around all the time with you because there aren't any girls in New York. How's that?"

"Darling, please, please, please don't be horrid. I only meant I didn't see how you could hate me so if you'd ever loved me."

"Listen, get this. I don't hate you."

"And please don't think I've treated you badly, will you?"

"No." He finished his drink and leaned back in his chair and began to sing under his breath.

"You want me to go, don't you?" she asked him.

"No. Why? Stick around. Have another drink."

"I don't want another drink."

"Well, let's talk then."

"All right."

"You begin. I suggested a lot of fine things to talk about and you didn't want to talk about them. Tell me about your lovely friend."

"You know him?"

"Sure, but I haven't got the woman's angle on him." He began singing again.

"I wish you wouldn't get drunk."

He stopped singing.

"What's the matter? Don't you like this tune? It's a swell tune. Try it on your Victrola some day when you get time." He began again.

"I guess I'd better go now."

"Just as you say."

The girl got up uncertainly.

"Aren't you coming out to the door with me?"

"Sure."

He followed her into the hall.

"Well, good-by," she said.

"Good-by." They shook hands.

"Come and see me sometimes, won't you?" she said.

"Sure."

She went out through the grilled door and the waiter who had opened it shut it after her. The man went back into the bar and put his foot on the rail.

"Tom Collins," he told the bartender.

He discovered his reflection in the big glass opposite. By stepping back a little he could get his face in focus. It was a curious feeling to come suddenly across that familiar face. He held his chin up and adjusted his necktie in the mirror.

The bartender put the drink in front of him. He took a sip off the top. Then he felt in his pocket and found a dollar bill and put it on the bar. He ran his hand along the round wooden moulding on the edge of the bar. It was cool and smooth.

"Nice bar," he said, stroking it. Then he went on drinking his drink.

ADVICE TO A GIRL

By Sara Teasdale

No one worth possessing
Can be quite possessed,
Lay that on your heart,
My young angry dear,
This truth, this hard and precious stone,
Lay it on your hot cheek,
Let it hide your tear.
Hold it like a crystal
When you are alone
And gaze in the depths of the icy stone;
Long, look long and you will be blessed,
No one worth possessing can be quite possessed.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs to-day

A Prodigal American Returns *By Harold E. Stearns*

The leisurely—and almost empty—freighter which had left Le Havre just two weeks before came slowly up the bay and warped into its pier on the Jersey side, while I stood on the rail and tried to recognize old landmarks in this new skyline of Manhattan that I had not seen for what nowadays is almost equivalent to a generation—thirteen years. All this time I had been living and writing in France, mostly in Paris. And now I was coming back to my own country and to New York.

New York, where, after I was graduated from Harvard and left my home city, Boston, I had done my first serious newspaper and magazine work; where my marriage had been so happy and gay until that unbelievable telegram had arrived from the hospital in San Francisco telling me that my wife had died only a few days after my son was born; where I had written my first books; where, perhaps, there were still old friends to remember and greet me, after all these years.

It was a bright and sunny morning, so that the towering wonders of the city stood out in a haughty welcome, and although I tried to look indifferent, I found myself swallowing a bit suspiciously and holding on to the rail with more firmness than really was required. In all ages, even this one, I reflected, home-coming had something of this poignancy. And I welcomed the—for me, since I brought little back except myself—brief formalities of customs examination, before I stepped into a taxi and was driven through the fascinating traffic tunnel under the river to the sidewalks of New York. I stopped the car, and tried my luck with a dial telephone in one of these combination drug, luncheon, book, candy, and tobacco stores that appear to have replaced the old corner saloon. After Paris telephones, it seemed absurdly simple. What is more, my friends really answered—which somewhat surprised me until I remembered that people in New York never even used to make engagements for cafés rather than their homes.

Unaffectedly glad to see me back and in good health, my friends at once introduced me to the drink of, if not the country, at least the city, pure grain alcohol and orange juice or bitters. It was cheap and everybody drank it, they informed me. You could buy "the stuff" practically anywhere in New York. And after the first greetings were over, they ventured the optimistic opinion that the great economic depression I had read so much about in Paris, where, despite the amusing and fine Colonial Exposition, the number of American tourists had so noticeably fallen off during the last two years, was practically over and that things were definitely on the up grade. Now was the time to take advantage of low prices and buy clothes or anything else I needed. I gathered that it was also a good time to buy stocks and bonds, which were at unheard-of low levels, but remembering the Americans in Paris whose incomes had suddenly been cut down to nothing or thereabouts, causing so many of them to flee back home almost in panic, I discreetly did not raise this point. I was pleased enough just to hear the old accents once more, to be speaking my own language again, sure that it was understood. Perhaps I was even more pleased to feel a renewal of that buoyancy and enthusiasm, our American sense of still infinite possibility. In a city and country that carries, even with grace and infinite charm, its nostalgia for traditional ways of thought and of life, I had almost forgotten it.

My friends live in what used to be called "Greenwich Village," near Washington Square, where I had also lived before my flight from reality, and nothing would do, the greetings over, except my walking out and observing for myself the great physical changes since my departure. They were too many and too drastic for me not to feel a trifle depressed—places like "Cat Alley," off Eighth Street, which in my day boasted as fine a collection of pugnacious and unregenerate felines as I have ever seen gathered together in one small space, and places like the old Patchin Place, seemed to have disappeared utterly, while new big apartment houses had shot up everywhere around the Square itself. I turned and walked up Fifth Avenue, still a somewhat familiar highway, though there were new names and new buildings on practically every block. It was almost painful, so sharp, so distinct and compulsive, were the memories of happier days until, irrelevantly, a line by Beddoes—"Hast thou no ghosts to sue? no love thou hast!"—brought release. There were so many, so many.

For I was almost a ghost myself, walking in this new America and New York of 1932, a ghost of a generation that has gone—I mean the generation of 1913, when I left college, the generation that was then reading about itself in "Flappers and Philosophers" and "This Side of Paradise." We were of the generation that rediscovered Europe in Flanders fields, or in ever-old, ever-new Revolution in Russia, and I thought with a pang of men like Walter Franzen and John Reed, whom this new America, whether it knows it or not, can so ill spare.

But there was the old brightness and extra oxygen, the electric tingle, in the air, and I found myself observing the people on the Avenue with some sharpness. In particular did the girls and young women, after years of Paris and Longchamp and Deauville, intrigue me. It was no cause for astonishment that they looked more alert and self-reliant, and, though I hate the phrase, more healthily athletic. I had anticipated that. What, however, I had not anticipated was that they looked distinctly better dressed, more "chic," if that is the correct word nowadays: I rubbed my eyes, were the women in Paris no longer the criteria of feminine styles? For I could

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not escape the impression that the Paris women, now far from setting the standards of fashion, were—at least when most effective—rather imitating New York. Certainly they were in shoes, and hats, and tailor-made suits. And of one thing I felt sure—that almost every "sport suit" in Paris, particularly for the races (I mean the really important days, like that of the "Prix De Diane" at Chantilly rather than the days of ostentation and newspaper photographers, like the "Prix Des Drags" at Auteuil, or of sheer worldliness at Longchamp, like the "Grand Prix De Paris" itself), was only an imitation of an American model.

Somehow or other, as I walked up the Avenue, these lighter reflections softened the harshness of the new buildings, for I realized that in a fortnight I shouldn't notice them. And with a shock, I remembered that with all my years in Paris, though often I had brooded over the city from beside Sacré Cœur, I had never gone up the Eiffel Tower nor inside the tomb of Napoleon. Perhaps it is always the same: I am a Bostonian, yet I have never gone up Bunker Hill monument. And what native-born New Yorker has ever been inside Grant's Tomb?

The walk had made me hungry—and I might as well tell the truth. For a moment I was sick with longing for Paris, or perhaps I should say, some of the restaurants I know in Paris. Because, despite Léon Daudet and other pessimists, there are still good—mostly small—restaurants in Paris, with decent cellars, where the old culinary traditions are really maintained. However, there were some distinctively American dishes I wanted to try again—and I wanted to look at the newspapers. I wanted to find out what had happened to the old "columnists" I knew, in the many newspaper changes since my time, and who were the new ones. Was there anybody with the irony and wit, the wide knowledge of history, the affection for the good things of the table and the wine-cellar, the real scholarship that does not scorn but even welcomes such things of the flesh as pretty women and fast horses, anybody like Georges de la Fouchardière? I doubted it, but I wanted to be sure. I soon was. And I began to wonder what people laughed at at home now anyway. What are the, so to speak, conventions of hilarity? The "columnists" gave me a hint, but I had the feeling it was a feeble one. Frankly, what has happened to Don Marquis, with his Archie, his Mehitabel, his "Old Soak"? *There* used to be the authentic American accent, and I missed it now.

I noticed that much more—and it struck me as much more intelligent—attention was given to book news and gossip about authors than in my time. The theatre chatter and advertisements bewildered me, and I observed with pleasure that Eugene O'Neill's name was still in the bright lights. The new "talkies"—I practically never went to the cinema in France—I determined to save for another time. And the wealth of music! but we had always been rich in that in New York, whereas Paris, outside the conventional operas, has too often been surprisingly poor. Frankly, I suspect that the simple question of money has had a good deal to do with it. I know the music I remember from France is not the formal music, as it were, but rather folk melodies from the provinces—particularly from the Pyrénées Orientales.

All these reflections led me naturally to ponder on the intellectual trend of the times in America. Who are the people who are doing the thinking in these United States and what are they thinking about? Of course I saw plenty of new American books, as well as many of the magazines and critical reviews, in Paris. But now that I was really back home again, the question was no longer academic; it was urgent and genuine. Certainly the beginnings of a native, or at all events of a self-conscious, literature I had been made aware of in Paris. But that, after all, had a history and was to a great extent understandable. As for music, I knew little—there were the old cowboy songs of the plains, the Negro spirituals, and, of course, the syncopation and nervousness of true old-fashioned "blues" and then jazz. Had the Paul Whiteman era really passed? What had replaced it? I devoutly prayed that it was not the music of the new "crooners" that misguided friends made me listen to over the radio. And I noticed that the same old operas were being played at the Metropolitan.

Then what of painting and sculpture, and the new architecture? I felt I had better look up my old friends, Mr. Walter Pach and Mr. Lewis Mumford, and ask. They, if anybody, ought to be able to enlighten me. For certainly there seemed little help in what I saw in the new buildings, the derivative canvases exposed in the few show windows of art dealers, the sculpture for which I looked in vain. In Paris I had seen Davidson and Manship and John Stores all doing what I felt to be interesting and important work. But how much of this work was due to America, how much of it was really American at all, I didn't know—and they hadn't been able to tell me. Like all real artists, they didn't seem to care what it was due to. They were almost as inarticulate as one of the mythical searchers for "significant form" in Clive Bell's category of the truly æsthetic.

In my bewilderment, I fell back on what I know to be an old and what I consider a sound principle: Discover and understand the intellectual temper of the time and place in which you live. Do that first and do it thoroughly. And then the other things will be opened unto you. Rabelais, for an example from France, understood that principle very well. And so, out of my first impressions, I tried to get some sense of those subtle and pervasive "winds of doctrine" to which we all, whether we like it or not, owe our intelligent and civilized being. And then, only then, after a real conceptual wrestling match with myself and ideas and prejudices and origins, did one or two conclusions begin to emerge.

After so many years in France, I could not help noticing the difference in these United States of the whole stage setting of sex. There seemed to me far less sex self-consciousness than in the old days, and the era of political disability for women was already as remote in feeling as in fact. Perhaps this is not an entirely unmixed blessing, but after several years in a Latin country I am inclined to believe that on the whole it is a blessing. That happy condition of affairs alone ought to eradicate considerable of the subtle poison always at work to undermine and destroy the triumphant life of reason in almost all ages. I do not know how far it has gone in America yet; I have not been home

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long enough. I suspect, however, that it has gone pretty far—and the further it goes the better I like it. I am still American enough to prefer the American girl who can play tennis better than I can and probably swim almost as well, and who can discuss Havelock Ellis with you with some sense and understanding—to prefer her, I repeat, to the languishing lilies of the late, but certainly no longer lamented, pre-war period.

It must mean that the "vamp" era is approaching an inglorious close and I devoutly hope that there are few left to mourn it. For in some subtle and disagreeable way I find the whole European tolerance and blandness toward prostitution not merely unlovely but repugnant. It is mixed up with ancient taboos that now seem ridiculous. And one reason I am frankly interested in Soviet Russia, quite aside from politics or economics, is that the new Russian attitude toward women seems, at least on the surface, to have so much in common with our own—even when I remember pictures in the Paris *Vu*, showing brawny peasant women in Moscow looking longingly in shop windows displaying the "latest fashions" from the Paris shops. There is a streak of childishness in all of us, men and women alike, so that I shall continue, too, to look at the London advertisements of Bond Street tailors, just as Moscow scrubwomen will continue to study the new models of Patou and Chanel. We all must save something of an ideal world that never did exist anyway.

But I have found that a real world exists after all—and that real world is my own country, from which I have been away far too long. No girl brought me back. And no fine job was held out as a tempting bait to come home, in fact, no job at all. Yet somehow in spite of all the present difficulties I simply can't get over feeling elated. Perhaps that philosopher was right when he said that man was a home-loving animal. Certainly, I have done my best to disprove it and—thank God!—I haven't succeeded.

BOLSHEVISM A LA CARTE

By William C. White

THE usual red banners and streamers surrounded the speaker's platform at a Communist mass meeting in a little East Prussian village. To all appearances, it was a gathering of the sort that takes place wherever Communism tries to rally converts. But, instead of using hyphenated epithets about Capitalism, the speaker was saying something far more understandable to these hardheaded Prussian peasants who are separated from Germany proper by that geographical porcupine born in the Versailles Treaty, the Polish Corridor.

"The Communist Revolution in Germany will wipe out the Versailles Treaty with its infamous terms," he said. "The burdens put on the German people by the unjust peace will be removed when we take control."

The orator was speaking to a crowd of peasants, each of whom had his own bit of land; neither in their neighborhood nor, indeed, anywhere in Germany, are there the huge estates so characteristic of pre-revolutionary Russia. The orator could not appeal to these people on the ground that the Revolution would redivide the land. A promise which he did express, that the Revolution would control the banks and credit, meant something far more real in this village where the interest rate sometimes reaches sixteen per cent. But the most telling plea of all was precisely that of the Hitler Party—"Join us and we shall wipe out the Versailles Treaty."

That a Communist orator, representing a movement which usually flaunts its Internationalism and ridicules national longings, should try to gain the support of his hearers by appealing to those longings seems a trifle paradoxical. That such an appeal should really secure their support is even stranger, remembering that, at the same time, Communism in Germany proposes the identical programme of confiscation of wealth that has been followed in Russia. Yet, to-day, a large part of the support given the German Communist Party comes not so much from a desire to establish Communism as from what might be called "National Bolshevism." That is, there are groups of Germans, who might well be called patriotic, who are willing to face Communism in a Soviet State if that would mean the end of the Versailles Treaty.

These National Bolshevists are drawn chiefly from the student groups and from intellectual circles; and National Bolshevism is the loudest argument advanced to win that support which German Communism needs so vitally outside the large cities, in the agricultural centres. Here the appeal, as Thaelman, leader of the German Party, quoted it to me sounds most attractive—"We have declared that, after we have seized the reins of power, we will not recognize the burden of tribute imposed on the German people by the Versailles Treaty!"

That statement might have come from Hitler. It has been forgotten abroad that Hitler's group does not have the sole monopoly on promises to end Germany's submission to the "Slave Diktat," the Treaty of Versailles. Foreigners, reading of invective hurled by Hitler at the Communists and vice versa, of fifteen thousand wounded in street fights between the two groups in the past year, of a hundred and more Hitlerites dead in battles with Communists in 1931, cannot imagine that there is any common ground on which these two diametrically opposite groups could meet. But here, in promising to free Germany from the Treaty, they do stand on common ground, albeit that promise which is cardinal in National Socialist ranks is only incidental in the Communist programme. This one point in common does not mean that there is ever any hope of unity between Germany's two radical parties; from this common group one goes east, the other goes west.

But the existence of this common ground explains one of the most baffling of the political phenomena in present-day Germany—the steady interchange of members between the National Socialists and the Communists. And it will explain shifts that are bound

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to take place, now that the elections are over and Hitler's promises still remain far from fulfilment.

I met this point of view for the first time when speaking with a group of young Communists. They were talking with some glee of what they would do to the National Socialists "when The Day comes." Suddenly one of them said, "A month ago I was a member of the National Socialist Party," and several others admitted that they, too, had recently been followers of Hitler. At first hearing it sounded as nonsensical as the remark of the lunatic who said that he was Napoleon and was reminded that a week before he had claimed to be George Washington. "Ah, yes," he explained the seeming contradiction, "but that was by another marriage!"

There are those National Socialists who used to be Communists and Hitler's group boasts of the converts they have made in Communist ranks; but unbiased opinion seems to hold that the current runs much stronger in the other direction. That such an interchange should exist at all shows how many Germans subordinate every other consideration to the desire to amend or to abolish the Treaty. Those amiable foreigners who believe that Germany can ever be made to stop regurgitating the Treaty and to settle down to digesting it should reflect on the subject of National Bolshevism and the willingness of groups of Germans to support Communism rather than to accept the *status quo* as determined at Versailles.

The world forgets how deeply the German people as a whole feel what they call the "injustice" of the Peace Treaty. It does little good to argue that it was a just Treaty or that Germany deserved it, so long as millions of Germans refuse to agree and hope some day to force its revision. It is not only a matter of reparations or war debts or taxes. Germans, just as often, insist on changes in the Treaty not because of better economic conditions that might result but "because in it we are held solely responsible for the War and that is unjust to the German people."

That national spirit, when disillusioned with the promises of Herr Hitler, turns to Communism. Hitler's problem in the coming months will be to hold his party and prevent any stampeding. The German Communist Party, with its two hundred thousand registered members and five million supporters, offers the Moscow programme in entirety—the confiscation of all wealth through armed and necessarily bloody revolution, followed by unremitting class warfare. It is led by men whose desire is to create a Soviet Germany and whose interest in abolishing the Treaty is only a concomitant. They are Communists, not National Bolshevists. They know that successful Communist revolution in Germany would mean a red Europe and farewell to all that has been so carefully built up and guarded since the war.

A red Europe might mean the beginning of endless civil and foreign wars through a thirty-year period. To many Germans that is a small cost to pay for "freedom" from Versailles.

The chief development in European countries in recent years has been in the resurgence and the restatement of Nationalism. Each nationality for itself, as representing the finest flower of human development and to Hell with what naïve Americans, who are ignorant of European psychology and prestige anyway, call co-operation! In each land, caught in the vortex of some diabolical centrifugal force, inflamed nationalism has come to the top; with it, fear and distrust of what corresponding nationalist ambition in a neighboring land may desire have only increased the inflammation.

"We Lettish people discovered England because the word 'Thames' comes from the Lettish *'ta mes'* meaning 'Here we are!'" is taught in Lettish schools with the inevitable lesson about the importance of keeping alive the great and past glories of the Lettish peoples and defending their "prestige." Platoons of Lithuanian nationalists parade the streets of Kovno in goosestep singing "We'd die for dear old Lithuania." In every land there are organizations to keep alive the *differences* between peoples. Every land suffers from the same psychosis that marks the nationalists of France, of Jugoslavia, or of Esthonia. "Every land for itself—" is the motto of the day. "Our neighbors cannot understand the unique holiness of our national spirit!"

In none of these lands, except in Germany and possibly in the other defeated countries, will any one own to an "aggressive" nationalism. The slogan, rather, seems to be, "Defend the ancient landmarks." How many toes get stepped on in that defense is another matter. Hence larger armies because neighbors have larger armies. Hence a willingness to disarm—to disarm, that is, the other fellow of his most favorable weapon while hanging on to one's own. Hence this Europe of to-day trying to run a twentieth-century economic machine with a feudal political organization.

Nationalism in Germany looks to its "ancient landmarks," the German pride and prestige of old, but it must get to them first before it can defend them. The Treaty keeps Germany of to-day "in chains"—and therefore it must go. To that end German nationalism dedicates itself. Because it takes this offensive, the German "movement" differs from all other expressions of European nationalism. Albanian nationalism can express itself in an "Albania for the Albanians movement" until the dawn cracks over the mountain of Brzeshda and no other nation is going to feel badly about it. But German nationalism cannot attain its aims without taking aggressive action to get back the Corridor, for example, and without arousing France. German nationalism is a threat to every nation that has profited from the Treaty.

Nationalism in Germany to-day expresses itself most forcefully in Hitler's National Socialist Party. Here ten million and more Germans are willing to answer the cry of their leader, "Re-create the German people in the fiery determination to take upon themselves the horrors of a moment rather than to endure forever an accumulation of terrors." The programme they hope to realize demands "the union of all Germans in a Greater Germany."

In the necessity of German nationalism to be aggressive, from the point of view of the other European nations, lies its weakness—and, perhaps, Communism's opportunity.

As it makes out its programme of action, Comintern, director-in-chief of the Communist movements in lands outside Russia, has had to face the restatement of nationalism in all Europe. Nationalism, ever growing, the world over, looks on Communism, emanating from Russia, as its greatest enemy. Nationalist organizations in every land

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have, as part of their programmes, the crushing of Communism and the substitution of national feeling for class consciousness. One need only think of the D. A. R. and the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America for examples near at home. It is nationalism, more than anything else, which explains why Communism makes such slow progress in these days which, with their growing economic problems, should be halcyon days for the Communists.

Once upon a time Comintern took little note of how deeply national feelings are rooted in Europe or, as Comintern would state it, how profitably and for no good end they have been fostered among the proletariat by the bourgeoisie. Comintern, instead, proclaimed the slogan of Lenin, "The Proletariat have no Fatherland." Nationalism was branded as a tool in the hands of the upper classes to be used in arousing the lower classes to feelings and actions against their real interests. National feelings and patriotism are only artificial things, emphasized and enshrined to prevent the working classes of the world from uniting.

As Moscow saw it, and in part still sees it, there is no reason why a German worker in the Ruhr and a Polish worker in Lódz should care who owns the Polish corridor. With the coming of the Revolution in Europe, all boundaries would be eliminated and there would be a Soviet Union of Europe, with Moscow as the capital. The Soviet Constitution to this day provides that any state "which cares to join the Soviet Union may do so."

Yet, whether or not nationalist organizations and sentiments represent the best interests of the working classes in each country, Comintern has found that, no matter how bad economic conditions abroad may become, national feeling is still a powerful force in most lands for persuading the working classes and others not to go the Moscow way. And, in addition to finding that nationalism attracts many who ought to be good Communists, Comintern has found that even good Communists show a national spirit now and then that breaks up a united front.

I met a British sailor on the London docks as a boat was sailing for Leningrad. He admitted being a Communist and he spoke most fervently of the Revolution. But he added, "When you get to Russia, tell the Russians that we can manage our own revolution—we don't need any advice from them." And hatred of Russia in Poland, to this day, holds back the progress of Communism there; many of the Polish working class dislike the Russians more than they hate the capitalists. "If Russia weren't running the Communist movement," a Polish workman told me, "we would have a much larger party here."

Facing this surge of national spirit as a passive counter to Communism Comintern to-day finds the Parties in France and in England weak and futile; there was a move reported on the part of Comintern to abolish the present Communist Party in England after the fiasco of the last elections when, if ever, Communism should have shown great gains and when, in reality, The Party did not elect one member to Parliament. At the same time, in other lands, where nationalism finds its "militant" expression in Fascist dictatorships, in Poland, in Italy, in Roumania, Communism is crushed as is every movement that would threaten to destroy the glory of the Nation! Only in Germany does the Party occupy the position of a threat to the present régime; here, although it is Hitler that gets the publicity, the Communist Party is steadily growing.

There was a time when Comintern sat godlike in Moscow and gave orders to foreign parties, falling back exclusively on experiences during the Russian revolution for generalizations which could be applied to situations in other lands. To-day the official dictum from Moscow is, "The Revolution will come in each country in its own way, under its own forms." Every Communist Party must work out its problems and its own special set of tactics to meet the situation in its own country. Thus the curious paradox of the Communist Party in Germany, soft pedalling confiscation of wealth and resources and preaching to a group in East Prussia the possibility of ending the Versailles Treaty by a Communist Revolution. If, at the same time, it is deemed advantageous to tell Polish workingmen that the possession of a seaport on the Baltic for a Polish outlet can only be guaranteed for eternity in a Soviet Europe then that, too, is good politics.

The German Communist Party is not looking for the Revolution to come to-day or to-morrow. Strong and growing as it may be, serious as the economic situation of Germany is, the Party is in no position to risk a *coup d'état* at this time. Communist organization is at present too weak outside the cities and it has no assurance that it could feed those cities even if it took them. It cannot count on any help from Russia at the moment, with the Soviet Union busy with its scheme of industrialization; and it dares not risk a coup in Germany until it is reasonably sure of success—a defeat would set back Communism in Germany ten years.

Instead, the German Party plays a waiting game. It finds that nationalist longings can be used to win some supporters. It still expects that some day Hitler will come to power. How Hitler will then set about to realize the hopes of his followers and to "free Germany" not even Hitler knows. It is all very well to say, "We shall not recognize the Treaty," but it is another thing to arouse anti-German feeling all over Europe. Another war? And the prosperity and the peace which Hitler has promised?

From those disappointed by Hitler the German Communists hope to add thousands to their ranks. And disappointment there will be, for Communism sees Germany hemmed in by chains that no aggressive nationalist movement can break. Therefore, as is happening with individuals to-day, groups will take the route from National Socialism to Communism, by way of National Bolshevism. This is the force which, lying under the surface to-day, may turn Germany red—not reparations, not Soviet propaganda, but hatred of a Treaty which nothing but a Communist revolution can erase.

With Germany gone Communist what would become of the "ancient landmarks" of other lands?

I spoke with a business man in Berlin, a man of no small wealth. "It wouldn't be so bad if Germany went Communist," he said. "We should lose what we have as individuals, of course, but think what Germany would gain—freedom from the Treaty, close co-op-

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eration with Russia. Those of us who survived would find a German empire from the North Sea to the Pacific coast of Siberia!"

His enthusiasm held him for a moment. "Think of us taking over Russia —uniting our German efficiency with Russian supplies of raw materials!"

"But the Russian Communists might object to any attempt of yours to 'take over Russia,'" I interrupted.

"The Russians are hopeless blunderers," he said positively. "We have known them since the twelfth century. All through our history there have been portents that the future of Germany lay in the East. The capital of the new Soviet Union would be in Berlin, of course. One-fifth of the world's surface united——"

Hitler and Company have no monopoly on dreaming!

OUR SAILORS SLEEP IN THE PALACE OF THE CZAR

By Ben Robertson, Jr.

One night last August I stood the 8 to 12 watch with an able-bodied Montana seaman on the forecastle head of an American freighter *City of Fairbury,* then homeward-bound from Leningrad and Copenhagen with a cargo of Russian logs.

He was a strong man of twenty-eight, stood six feet to the dot; he shaved and bathed every evening and somehow managed to wash a pair of overalls before going to bed at night. Most of the time during his off watches, he would lie in his bunk in the forecastle and read the speeches of Stalin and the tales of Joseph Conrad.

His conversations with me prior to that evening had been almost monosyllabic in their sparseness. As we stood there on this particular night, however, with nothing before us but the darkness, the wind, and the sea, he began to talk about Montana and his home near Billings, and his mother. Times were too hard, he said, to be making trips to his home on a railroad; it took all the money he could save to enable his mother to keep on running the farm. He spoke of the damned futility of raising wheat; of the sound wolves made in winter. He had heard them in Saskatchewan; he had trapped mountain lions; for two years he had been a student at the University of California. Then troubles had come and he had gone to sea. He had seen the clouds gather over Table Mountain behind Cape Town; had sipped whiskies over the long bar in Shanghai; that Frenchman at the South Sea Barber Shop at Papeete in Tahiti had cut his hair.

He had stood before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Berlin and had seen a wreath of red roses bound with a British, an American, and a German flag; he had considered it the profoundest, the most pathetic, indictment of war he had ever heard of. He said that the wife of an old Finn in the crew had turned pale and fainted when she boarded the ship in Helsingfors and had seen where her husband slept. He told how ironical he considered it to see American ships in Leningrad harbor dipping their American emblems to the flag of Soviet Russia.

He said how hard life was to-day; he quoted Goethe: "Speaking generally, there is something peculiar in national hatred. We always find it strongest and most vehement on the lowest stage of culture. But there is a stage where it totally disappears and where one stands, so to say, above the nations and feels the good fortune or distress of his neighbor people as if it had happened to his own." He told me: "I have found that stage in Russia."

He considered the sacrifice the Russian workers were making for the sake of their children's children to be the noblest deliberate thing any people ever attempted. "The Russians are free." He was silent for a while; the wind blew through the rigging. Then he added bitterly: "Whatever I once thought I was, I know, now that I have been to Russia, where I stand in the United States. I am a worker and a worker is a slave. A worker has no more chance in our country than a turnip. I am for revolution."

He told me of the great responsibility resting upon us seamen. "We are the only American working men who have had contact with the Soviet and the Russian Revolution. We are the only ones who have been there—who have seen. We must tell the workers of our experience." I had not been to Russia with the ship; I had joined it at Copenhagen on its return; therefore he began telling me of what had happened during the fourteen days they had been docked in the Neva. "We were treated royally in Leningrad. We slept in the palace of the Czar."

Soon after the ship had tied up in the river, he said, a delegate from the Soviet workers' club came down, welcomed them to Russia, inquired what would they like to see or do. The seamen, he said, were greeted as comrades, as equals; they were taken to the House of Culture, were shown the atheist museum, the Soviet kitchens, and the homes of the workers and the workers' factories. At the club, men and women who spoke English told them of Russia's hopes and ambitions; they had met the daughter of the manager of one of the state farms; they had marched in a Communist demonstration and had been seated on the platform in the places of honor. The sailor had made a speech. A delegate inquired if he might come aboard the ship to see under what conditions Americans slept and ate. He came, looked around, then told them "Conditions are worse only on the ships of the Latvians and the Greeks." The next afternoon the Americans had boarded the U.S.S.R. *Embaneft,* a 12,000-ton tanker, lying then in the Neva. They had seen reading and writing rooms for sailors, there had been electric fans and a grand piano; they had seen shower baths and had had dinner with the captain. The captain explained that Russian seamen were given a full month's leave every summer with full pay.

And then they had been invited to the palace of the Czar. With a group of Russian workers, they and the crews of a British and German ship had gone to the palace on a Saturday afternoon and had remained there until Monday morning. The sailor told of the fine

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rugs, of paintings "as big as No. 2 hatch," of china and marble floors and stairways and of the magnificent bedroom suites. He and a seaman from New Orleans had slept in a room once occupied by an American ambassador and on Sunday afternoon they had had tea in a room formerly used by an aunt of the King of England. The seaman told of this trip with minute detail, and there lingered about his word that same republican disdain which I have noted when other Americans have told of presentations before their Majesties at the Court in London. "Yes, sir, boy," the seaman said, "I have slept in the palace of the Czar."

Some weeks after we returned to New York I went down to South Street, Manhattan, one day to see a man I know, a tailor. He wanted to know if I had heard about the American sailors. "They all of them are turning Red; all of them want to go to Russia. They say the Russians are a good people; they are kind to lonely seamen." He said they had been inviting American sailors to sleep in the palace of the Czar.

"What do you think of that?"

"Think? I think that perhaps the Russians are clever."

"Sure," the tailor replied. "That palace tale has spread like magic. A fellow in here the other day from the *President Hoover* told me he had heard it on the Dollar docks in San Francisco."

THE SMALL TOWN REVIVES

By Will Rose

If a man were to visit the small towns of America, he would see the usual numbers of people on the streets, all of them acting as if they were bent on definite deeds. He would find difficulty in parking his automobile within several blocks of any desired stop. He would look in vain for penniless people loafing—and waiting—in the parks.

He would notice, also, that small-town business appealing to local markets is doing very well, if judged on the basis of immediate operation. Small commercial individualists have weathered other storms, and have been weathering this one. They are resourceful in effecting profitable operation almost regardless of volume. In addition, a few of them in every community have doubled their efforts as if answering the challenge of stiffer conditions, and are actually making more progress and more money than in ordinary times.

What is wrong, then?

This is wrong.

As soon as the observer starts talking to small-town people, he will find them feeling very poor, and intending to be very thrifty. That, of course, does not sound like an immediate wave of buying. And he will find a great deal of criticism directed against the policies of the government, of large corporations, and of the banks.

As far as the stock market inflation enters into the picture, the small-town man knows that he is just as much responsible as any other agency. Everybody had a part in that, literally everybody. The small-towners, however, were not dealing on margin, for the reason that they are too far away from brokerage offices, spiritually and geographically. They buy. They rarely sell, more's the pity. Sometimes they dig out a certificate and let it get away from them. But, even then, they immediately buy something else. The unfortunate aftermath of the crash is that millions of small-town resolutions not to be caught that way again have been made. Not all of these resolutions will be carried out; stock-market money-making is too attractive to be resisted even by the altruistic, sinless, delightful sheep of the country pastures. But the resolutions will have their effect for a long time. When the sheep do come back in, they will have a weather eye open to business trends, and political and financial manipulations, constantly.

Here is a fact little realized in large cities. Small-town people are not as exercised over the shrinkage in their market worth as they are about their loss of confidence in the men of America to whom they had looked for financial and business leadership. Their most ironical conversation at present is on the subject of million-dollar bonuses for individual brilliance and resourcefulness. They are feeling that these men must have been entirely bereft of any foresight whatever, judging by the thin capital structures they set up and into which they invited the public, often staking their reputations on their predictions. Unfortunately, there is a sinister tinge to this disappointment. Men in contact with large affairs, and with good statistical departments behind them, may have known more than they told, in the private opinion of many small-town investors.

The small-town public is very bitter on the matter of passed dividends in those instances wherein earnings may be disappointing at the moment but reserves are large. Stocks of some corporations have been held with confidence by many families into the third generation. It is possible that numerous corporations will automatically regain investment confidence with better times and the resumption of dividends, and that meanwhile the American public will have saved itself. But it does not look like it from where I am sitting. It looks more as if they have thrown away a priceless prestige, and have undermined public confidence, for the sake of a questionable economy, or to set the stage for manipulation.

Of course, the small-town public readily admits that it cannot and does not know the inside conditions which lead directors to drastic action. If the saving has been absolutely necessary, however, it is impossible to escape the conviction that conditions are not only bad but are likely to continue so for an indefinite period, possibly for several years. The effect of that less attractive conviction is devastating to spending morale, and is bound to bring about widespread curtailment and thrift. There can be only the slowest return to prosperity with that timidity created in our souls.

How silly, in the face of this fact, to start campaigns which urge the small-town people of America to spend freely! How utterly useless to set them the example of hoarding corporation funds, and at the same time urge them not to hoard what little they have or can get hold of.

On the subject of banking, the small-town people have grown eloquent. Their conception of a community bank

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is that of a place where we keep our balances. The aggregate is a comparatively large sum on which reputable local business men have first claim when liquid funds are needed. During this depression they have learned, however, that it is a place which sucks away every extra dollar on which a business man can lay his hands.

Every active business is a borrower at the bank, and this is even more so in small towns. Even in the numerous cases where men have more than a necessary reserve, it is likely to be invested outside their own operations. So when a sound local man wanted extra cash for extending his operations, he went to the bank and secured it.

After the depression got under way, the small business man found his reserves greatly depleted, his outside income cut off, his own volume and profits decreased, and a policy at the bank which made it impossible for him to borrow, or maintain his loans until an easier period, even with the best of local collateral. For a large majority, this situation soon became vital. They were the ones who found themselves without sufficient collateral of a spot market value to cover their loans. Meanwhile, the bank was insisting on more collateral, or a reduction of the loan. Up until recent years, bankers had been inclined to place more dependence on the value of a local property, whether real estate or business, than on market stocks or bonds. The theory here was that they were on the ground and in a position to know values, and, in the meantime, were employing community funds at home. Now, with stocks and bonds having tumbled to mere fractions of their average values, these same stocks and bonds have seemed to be the only form of collateral acceptable at the local bank, on the argument that they are the only collateral enjoying a spot market.

In some instances which have come to my attention, individual business men have had from ten to eighty thousand invested in going businesses in local territory, but, even though records were good over long terms of years, and continuing good, they found their local investments totally without value in treating for loans with their banks.

In short, the small local banks, speaking generally, with nothing but local funds on deposit, have been pressing these same depositors in their struggle to retain their depreciated bond investment accounts in a falling market.

Yesterday a young man in Cleveland telephoned me to ask if I would be in my office all that day. He wanted to come on and talk to me.

This young man was raised in our town. He was educated in our schools, the maintenance of which is paid for by our taxes and the product of which should be of some benefit to our own community. But he went to Cleveland and joined up with a large brokerage company. Success carried him to the company's New York office. Came the depression. Back to Cleveland. Then the brokerage company found itself embarrassed, was taken over by another concern with that ruthless type of inside management which is so loudly applauded by nitwit America of to-day. My young friend found himself out of employment.

He came to me to ask my advice on getting into business for himself. His capital is small for the reason that he has spent most of his income during prosperous periods. And now? When hard times come, large organizations shrink their personnel. Men are no longer needed in their own vocations. They cannot get a job in any other vocation on a salary. Then they begin to wish that they had given the effort of their years to building a business of their own, however small.

There are thousands of such men right now. Millions of other unemployed come from laboring ranks. If we succeed in tiding things over for them, they will stick to the big cities, to the idea of immense organizations, to the spirit of the passing régime, and we will have the same job to do all over again, perhaps a heavier job, after another decade.

My young friend from Cleveland has brains, and will undoubtedly readjust himself into a more secure vocation, probably in some smaller, growing locality. His attitude is similar to that of other fellows of keen mind. I know a former chief district auditor for a large packing house who has created a position as figure man for a large retail food business in a county seat where he has added virility to the business. Four big-town newspaper executives of my acquaintance have purchased country weeklies, a field which will reward expert and industrious attention. A former salaried lawyer is looking for a small-town fire insurance agency. A public utility man is considering a community telephone exchange which is now so ineffective as to be giving less than 50 per cent of needed service, thereby retarding community development.

These instances depict a tendency which spells a bright future for small towns. These men coming to us in the depression will be more valuable to us in the long run than a quick return of prosperity under old conditions.

Of even greater promise is a belated movement of small industries, and branches, into small towns which are selected for geographical, labor and real estate reasons. The monthly bulletin of a large public utility recently claimed more than three hundred such changes in its area. If this movement increases, we will eventually hail the depression. It has brought values into focus, and has provided enforced consideration of the picture. It is foolish for a small industrial to continue to pay high rent for a loft in a large city when it can own real estate and buildings, modern in design and better located, at the same or less cost over a period of years. Rent and congestion are liabilities. Real estate and freedom of movement are assets. It is necessary to change only policy to make the swap. With the small-town problems of home, schools, church, electricity and gas, transportation, and entertainment solved, the open spaces have become attractive. These benefits have been with us for a dozen years but it has required the depression, with its closer figuring and unsatisfactory large-city life, to focus attention upon them.

The man who has been measuring the past and present of American small towns need only lay his yardstick to the future to determine with almost mathematical certainty that the census of 1940 will record extraordinary changes for the better. There has been a day when the city has offered quick money, even to the laborer who was not congenitally a mechanic. In that day —twenty years of them, in fact—the small towns and farms were robbed of something more than their populations; they were robbed of their vocational skill. Now the promise of the city has failed. The depression will have been worth while if it succeeds in making men assort themselves into the economic security of the open spaces.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Old Ste. Genevieve

By Louis Dodge

In the days of my youth I had a friend who used to talk to me about Ste. Genevieve. We were both newspaper reporters in St. Louis, and when we were in a state of rebellion against city editors, or depressed because we had found that newspaper work is not all glamour and adventure, he used to say to me, "Never mind, some day we'll leave it all and go down to Ste. Genevieve"—quite as if he were suggesting an escape to paradise.

The things he said about Ste. Genevieve stuck in my memory. It was the oldest of the French settlements on the Mississippi River north of New Orleans, he said, and it had remained almost precisely as it was a hundred years ago.

The most charming thing the town contained, according to my friend, was an old lady who dwelt in the oldest house in Missouri. She was his grandmother; but because of her sparkling personality and youthful charm he preferred to call her his aunt.

But the years came and went and his optimistic prophecy—that he and I would one day journey together to enter this paradise—was never fulfilled. We couldn't both get away together; and a time came when my friend and I seldom saw each other. Ste. Genevieve, it seemed, was destined to remain to me a bright yet unseen picture.

Early one May I was in southern Illinois on a visit, and trying to decide upon some quiet spot in which I could do a little writing, when I received a letter from my old St. Louis friend. He wrote to inform me that his aunt Fannie had died, leaving him her Ste. Genevieve house and garden. "I wondered," he wrote, "if you would not like to go down there and pass an indefinite period."

It seemed my friend was now connected with a bank, and had a family, and that his fairyland in Ste. Genevieve was in a sense even farther from him than when he was a boy. He couldn't go to live in the old house; and yet he couldn't bear to leave it empty.

II

When I got off the train at Ste. Genevieve—for in recent years a railroad has been brought to serve the ancient town—I walked straight into a tall spare man with the kind of unemotional face which is given to those who labor much in gardens. He was Joe, the caretaker of the place where I had come to reside. He had left a small push-cart at the end of the station platform, and he began with gentle forcefulness to load my baggage, including a trunk, into this cart; and for an instant I feared he meant to deposit me in the cart, too, on top of my baggage. He had instantly recognized me; but perhaps this was because I was the only stranger who had got off the train.

"We take the middle of the street," said he; and we did. It gave me a temporary prominence I shouldn't have courted; but Joe had not suggested—he had instructed. I felt his authority, too. For many years he had conducted visitors, just as he was conducting me, to the old house which is known as the Vion residence; and I realized at once by numerous glances cast from along the way that to go to the Vion residence, with Joe pushing his cart, was to be an accredited person. When Joe pushes his cart, leaning forward with an admirably grave and determined air, a fine tradition hedges him about.

When we had progressed one short block, and had come to the main street, I learned my first lesson in Ste. Genevieve tradition. A small masonry building stood on a corner, and Joe informed me that once upon a time that building had housed a bank which had been robbed by the James boys.

Tradition, did I say? It was rather almost a matter of current news, from the Ste. Genevieve standpoint; it occurred only a matter of some fifty years ago. But many persons now living in Ste. Genevieve remember the summer day when there were shots in the street, and the spectacle of men leaping upon their horses, and pressing their hats to their heads with one hand, and dashing through the town. On an outlying road the bandits, who had succeeded in looting the bank, left a written message on a stick planted by the thoroughfare. The posse which followed presently saw the message and paused to read it. "All of you that are single, come on," the message ran; "but you that have wives and families better go back." Tradition has it that of all the members of that posse there was not one who had not succumbed to the temperate joys of matrimony. The James boys, on that occasion, went unscathed.

My mind wandered as I listened to the minor tale of banditry; I was yielding to the spell of a quaint street with ancient houses and shops pushing into the very thoroughfare, like persons watching a parade, and with many a suggestion that the figures in the parade that went by were the long years,

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the swift decades, the patient centuries. I saw doorsteps of limestone; flagged walks, broad chimneys, ancient trees, whitewashed porches, shuttered windows; unhurried men and women.

Joe was moving on with his push-cart; and now we were passing a long stretch of high wooden fence, with blooming shrubs showing over the top, and with a delectable roomy porch before a hospitable house a little farther on.

"That's the house," said Joe, nodding; and I knew I was presently to be at home on that porch of unparalleled charm.

I had come to a place where there were grass and trees and flagstone walks, and rambling outhouses at a little distance, and dividing fences covered with grape-vines, with a glimpse of vegetable and flower gardens beyond. Luxuriant hop-vines clambered over a trellis and partly hid the spacious back porch. I climbed the steps to that back porch, and found myself engulfed in silence and the odor of lime and disuse. I heard Joe say, as he followed me, "You can have whatever room you want," and I entered a door and began to mount a staircase. Swords were on the wall as I ascended, and when I came to the upper hallway I paused. I entered a southern room and realized that quaint and luxurious chairs invited me, that a great walnut bed was there, that Beatrice Cenci looked radiantly over her left shoulder at me from the wall, and that near by another picture in delicate colors spread before me the simple and pretty scene in which a boy and a girl stood beside an old well, and a friendly dog asked for a drink.

"I'd like this room," said I; and presently my possessions were all about me and I was at home. Joe opened a window and the seemly music of hammer on anvil from the blacksmith-shop across the street vibrated in a lovely manner against the larger silence.

I had time just then for only a casual glimpse of the other rooms on that floor. Across the hall from my room two gable-windows looked down upon the garden in which roses and poppies and peonies were blooming in abundance, and a wistaria cast its strong fragrance about an ancient smoke-house. From one dormer-window at the end of the hall I beheld the perfect picture, across housetops and trees, of the church spire piercing a sky of billowy clouds. Beside the church, almost wholly hidden by trees, was the huge stone parish house. From a second dormer-window at the other end of the hall I looked down on quaint old houses in which people dwelt—at least in theory. For the moment not a soul was visible. If I had wished to be alone my wish had been granted. Even Joe, after attending to my immediate wants, had descended the stairs and I heard him no more.

I had a swift realization that all the abundant furniture in the rooms about me was in perfect order, as if the men and women who had once lived in the house and who, some of them, had been dead more than a century, were all expected to come back to their places some day.

III

Ste. Genevieve was settled about the year 1735 by French families who came up the Mississippi River after Laclede had found the way. They were Catholic families, and they named their settlement after the patroness of the city of Paris, Ste. Genevieve, the shepherdess. The site of the settlement was on French territory and remained so until the Spanish came into possession by transfer in 1762.

The little town gained in commercial importance speedily. Its merchants went on horseback as far as Philadelphia to buy their stock, conveying their purchases by wagon across the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio River. The strong currents of the Ohio and the Mississippi did the rest. Not infrequently a little company of merchants set out and were never heard of again; for the perils of travel in those years were innumerable.

To-day Ste. Genevieve has fewer than eighteen hundred inhabitants, whose dwelling-places extend westward from the Mississippi's banks some two or three miles. The town is composed of perhaps a score of irregular squares where residences and gardens alternate with shops and banks and inns. The oldest houses are built of plastered logs or of limestone, and in their quaint yet sensible architecture are "such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys."

The central square is occupied by a church of impressive size, the ground on which it stands having been a grant from the King of Spain. The date of the first baptism recorded in this church—or rather the original house of worship on the same site—was 1760. On adjoining squares are a convent and school with grounds of great beauty, and a courthouse and jail.

A near-by square, lying on inclined and uneven ground, is the ancient burial-ground for the community, and is somewhat crowded with graves a majority of which bear dates not later than the middle of the last century. Many of the stones are overturned and broken; few stand quite upright, and in a number of instances the inscriptions (often in French) can no longer be deciphered. Dense black cedar-trees form an unbroken canopy over considerable areas, and blackbirds, wholly invisible in the foliage overhead, scold loudly at the casual passer-by.

Two picturesque rivulets guard the town to north and south, North Gabourie and South Gabourie. They are bridged again and again, and one may stand on the bridges and obtain long pleasant vistas of white flat stones, lying here in shade and there in sunlight, with the water running clear and cool and shallow, and with birds of many varieties coming to drink and bathe. These creeks, like all the country lanes, offer ample room for wild mulberry-trees, which hang heavy with fruit, both the white and the dark varieties. The creeks often present a picture suggesting Wordsworth's England, with ancient stone walls separating velvet lawns from the water, and with patriarchal elms covering gray gables and dormer-windows with one hand, so to speak, and the murmuring water with the other. In one such place a little girl, holding her hair away from her eyes as if it were a curtain, gazed at me wonderingly where I stood on a bridge. "And she was humbly clad"—the words came to me unbidden; but "she was fair, and very fair."

The distinctive picture which the visitor obtains, however, is that of a certain type of residence which I have seen nowhere else in America. It is the typical French house of a century ago: built of stone, a story and a half high, with low-ceiled rooms at the top looking out from gable and dormer windows. These may be found in every

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section of the town, and in nearly every instance they stand square on the street, and despite their great age they suggest a durability and strength not to be matched by houses of a different type constructed fully a century later. One of these not far from where I am living has a beautiful vestibule completely finished in black walnut panels with a sort of carved beaded effect extending around each panel like a frame. However, nearly all the houses are serene and inviting. One notes flower-boxes containing veteran plants in the windows; the door finishings are often of curious, ancient designs; everything about the premises breathes of antiquity, of an ancient conception of beauty, of a world and time other than our own.

IV

Not only do swallows abound in Ste. Genevieve, but there are other birds in great variety and in large numbers. Wonderful are their colors and their songs.

I must be content barely to mention the mocking-bird that crossed my path this morning as I walked out a pleasant lane, singing as he flew; and the redbirds which have their home somewhere in the garden, and sing vociferously now and again; and the blackbirds which swarm and chatter in the trees; and the wrens which sit with tails erect and warble a great song wholly disproportionate to their size, and the catbirds and thrushes and jays and turtle-doves and wild canaries and bluebirds and robins which have not yet deserted Ste. Genevieve as they appear to have deserted so many other places.

Among the migratory birds which pass this way there were formerly a few members of the heron family to be seen; but no one has seen a heron now for years. Its disappearance may be accounted for by the fanciful or superstitious by a story which I tell as it was told to me:

"Can you see to the top of the steeple in this dim light?—to the top of the cross? Yes? Well, if it wasn't evening coming on you could see, still higher than the cross, a steel rod. You can? Well, your eyes are better than mine, then. No, I don't know why they'd put a lightning-rod on the church; no, I don't reckon God would send his lightning to strike his own house. I don't know anything about that, but I want to tell you what happened once up there in the clouds, as you might say, where that steel rod is.

"One day a heron started to fly over the town. It must have come from the river, yet pretty far away, for it was high in the sky the first anybody saw of it. It was sailing; its long neck stretched out, its long legs showing behind; and the evening sun caught in its wings and against its breast, and it was a beautiful thing to see. Tranquil, you understand, and harmless, and drifting by like a thing in the hand of God. It came near to the church; but why should anything fear a church? And besides, it was high enough to clear the steeple and the cross. But something sad happened. Just as it was clearing the cross it brought its powerful wing down, winnowing the air, you understand, and the delicate framework of the wing was pierced by that iron rod—and the great bird was held fast. There it was, impaled on the sharp rod, high over the town, higher even than the steeple and the cross.

"In the meantime, some one who had seen that tragedy in the sky uttered a cry of pity, and another spectator lifted his eyes to see; and then another and another. You see there is a sort of square before the church. Well, it wasn't long before that square was full of people, all looking up. And from all over town people came, and others viewed the sight from other places.

"The bird was trying to release itself, and it couldn't. And men were trying to think of some way to help, and they couldn't think of any way. And so the bird fluttered helplessly, and the people of Ste. Genevieve grew still because they were helpless and sad.

"A long time passed, and the body of the bird surrendered and drooped, and little by little it came to lie against the cross, as the body of Jesus once lay upon a cross. And there it died."

V

One afternoon there came to me from beyond the willows which fringe the river the incredible sound of a calliope; and I presently learned that a theatre-boat had made a landing near by and would present a drama that night. A serious play was promised, "with lighter offerings between the acts."

Joe and I went down to the river-bank after dark, and came upon a tugboat on the upper deck of which a young man was playing a calliope with unprecedented vigor and with the usual peculiar lack of skill. Attached to the tug was an immense barge which bore, as its superstructure, an edifice not unlike an ark.

Down the gang-plank we went, and came smartly upon a ticket-office, and bought our tickets, and were ushered into a sort of theatre where several hundred seats were fixed to the floor and around the sides, and where a short stage appeared at the far end. There was a sort of pit for the orchestra; there was a piano, and even a balcony. The place was crowded before curtain-time. The play was about one hour and a half long; and Joe's criticism was that "it might just as well have been given in half an hour." It was incredibly crude. I suspected that the young gentlemen on the stage, who were Thespians by night, were deckhands by day. But the specialties between acts were true to the best traditions in the way of steamboat song and dance. They were delightful.

Only a few days later an immense tent was set up almost in the heart of the town and more drama was submitted. This was less exciting than the drama on the river. The play had much to say about true Americanism, and the manager made a little speech in which he declared that all his plays, most of which he wrote himself, were remarkable for their purity, and that not one of them contained a line "which would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence." But unfortunately, the entire enterprise was marred by those examples of managerial sharp practice which bring to the money-box larger sums than were nominated in the bond. I came away from that experience more firmly convinced than ever that the rural theatre, in the main, consists chiefly of a row of footlights on one side of which people conduct themselves agreeably, while those on the other side do not. I wish my recollections of the theatre in Ste. Genevieve might have been confined to that windy night when I braced myself for a descent of a sharply inclined gang-plank and heard a group of roustabouts sing and dance and tell their funny stories.

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Last Friday morning when Joe came back from the post-office he was so greatly excited that he almost forgot to fasten the gate. He had a letter in his hand and I supposed it must be a letter which had altered the entire course of his destiny.

He called to me jubilantly: "They're coming down from St. Louis!"

I grasped the situation presently; my friend and his family were coming down from St. Louis to spend the week-end. They were coming down on the afternoon train that day. I was deeply glad because an old dream of mine was coming true: my old reporter friend and I were to have our visit together in Ste. Genevieve at last.

They came that evening very shortly after the train had whistled. At a distance I noted that my friend was gray and sedate; that there was a distinguished lady with him, and a little girl. There was a maid, too, who proved to be capable of working miracles. At any rate, when night began to fall she lighted the dim old house, and brought linen and crystal and china and silver from chests and drawers and closets, and prepared a dinner of perfection.

After dinner the family and I went in to the fine old drawing-room and sat in antique chairs before an open fireplace. It had become distinctly chilly, and Joe had built a fire. The room really was a picture. For example, there were adjustable candlesticks on the old piano, brought from Paris, so that if one had wished to play "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," one might have seen the notes.

We talked of debonair old Aunt Fannie, the woman of quenchless spirit, who had lived in the house for all of her eighty-four years with scarcely a day away from it.

My friend's wife said to me: "I was here with Aunt Fannie when she died, and almost the last thing she said to me was that she was not going away, really; that she would always be in the house."

They are gone now; the house is again silent and shadowy, and Joe is away on his affairs somewhere. For a long time I have realized that there was something of spirit in the house far removed from walls and furniture. Assuredly I am not alone. The old lady said she would always be in the house, and so far as I am concerned, she has kept her word.

Death of a Medicine Man

as told to Grace French Evans by Mrs. Richard Wetherill

BLOOD MEMBER OF THE NAVAJO TRIBE

For three consecutive nights my wrist was cut as was the wrist of my foster father, and the two wounds were bound together. A child of two, I was then a blood member of the tribe, though both of my parents were white. As I grew older I would be allowed to see and participate in many of the secret rites of the tribe. Just how many, would depend on my intelligence and endurance.

I tell you all this that you may know how it was that I was present at the end of Hostine Nez Atatatle (Long Singer, a Navajo medicine man).

My white father left me for some years with the Indians, only visiting me from time to time. I lived alone with the woman who cared for me in a hogan in a great canyon in northern New Mexico, and all my playmates and friends were Indian children. Usually, I thought of myself as an Indian, but of course I knew that I would not be there always and I wanted to see and know everything possible before I had to go.

When I was twelve I underwent an ordeal that a very few of the Indian girls care to attempt. I held red-hot coals in my armpits, my arms pressed close to my sides, for several moments. The smell was awful, almost as bad as the pain. I still have the scars. After that I was given a good many more privileges in the tribe. They felt I was all right.

Hostine Nez Atatatle officiated at the ceremony, but it was not till years later that what I have to tell you about him occurred.

I never liked him very much and I doubt if many of the tribe did, but he was a great man in the community. He had much wealth in silver and turquoise and his herds of horses and sheep multiplied. No medicine man was more successful with his cures.

If you fall ill and want help you seek out the medicine man who specializes in your kind of trouble. You tell him all about the pain in your back, the headache, or whatever it is. You can talk about it the better part of a day, if you care to, while he sits and listens without ever speaking or giving a sign that he has heard. Then you go home and he thinks it all over for several days. Perhaps he will decide that he cannot cure you. In that case there is nothing for you to do. But perhaps he has thought of a way to help you. His cure will be mostly mental but he has also knowledge of herbs and other practical treatment and is really amazingly successful with his cures. He then names a price for banishing the evil spirit that is bothering you, usually a rather large price, and you go away and arrange for the payment. If you cannot get it, your situation is pretty hopeless, for, unless he is an exceptionally charitable medicine man, he will not even start his cure until he has been paid.

It looks as if he had everything pretty much his own way, but it really isn't as pleasant a profession as it seems. His cures are supposed to be successful, and if they are not he is in trouble himself. Three failures are all he is allowed. It is then assumed that some evil spirit has taken possession of him and he is tried by the tribal court.

Indians have courts and judges much like ours. The only difference is that they are chosen by the tribe solely on account of their ability for the position which they are to fill. The story of Long Singer begins, if you are to believe the Indians, with one of these courts and ends in another.

As I have said before, he was most successful and wealthy, and all this had made him very arrogant. A tall, high-chinned Indian of fifty, he walked behind no one. He had little kindliness and no charity. The girl in the hogan below his died because she could not bring him the thirty sheep he demanded for her cure.

The hogan where I lived was not far

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from his and at nightfall I used to see him standing in his doorway, arms folded high on his chest, cursing and hectoring his four Piute slaves as they drove the flocks of sheep up the trail from the valley into his gates. If he had goods to barter at the Post, do you think he would bring them himself? Not at all! He rode down first, very aloof, indifferent. Later came the Piute slaves and the squaws with his goods.

One of his sons was chosen to serve on the court. He was a fine, intelligent young fellow, but dominated by his father. Hostine Nez Atatatle was pleased by this honor, but he assumed that it was his wisdom rather than his son's that they were seeking. And this brought about an incident which, though it did not amount to much in itself, was the beginning of all his misfortunes.

Some of the young Indians got drunk. It was just an ordinary drunk followed by the usual fight. But unfortunately one of them hit another on the head and hit too hard. He died and his assailant was tried.

The son of Hostine Nez Atatatle was one of the judges, and just back of his shoulder sat his father, advising him. His advices were without mercy. The others of the court were for leniency. Drinking was natural, and so was fighting. Why be hard on the boy? But the medicine man, speaking through his son, held out and at length obtained a death sentence. Not satisfied with this he had a number of proposals, all of them cruel, as to the manner of death. But at this point the judges were firm. When his crime is not too serious, a condemned man is often allowed to select his own kind of death. The judges gave him this privilege and he died a few days later with an arrow through his back.

That seemed to close the incident, but almost immediately after this the ill-fortune of the medicine man began. A squaw came to him who had met with an accident. She had been carrying a load of wood up the side of a cliff when an evil spirit had tripped her up, causing her to fall some distance. As she was pregnant, it brought on a miscarriage and she became very ill. The medicine man was sent for. To every one's surprise he accepted the case, which seemed a hopeless one.

His vanity was so great that failure seemed impossible. He collected his fee and went to work. First she was put in the sweathouse and thoroughly sweated, then she was rolled in the snow. This did not help her. After that she was thrown into an herb-induced sleep, which lasted four or five days. During this period the medicine man prayed and made sand pictures. But this did not help either, and while he was trying to think of something else to try, the woman died.

There was great consternation. The medicine man, who had never lost a case before, had failed. Something must be wrong with him that the gods had forsaken him. Presently a whisper began to grow. What about that boy whose death he had so unnecessarily demanded? Could it be that the spirit of the boy was taking its revenge by entering into him? Such things happened. Perhaps it was so with Hostine Nez Atatatle.

He was unused to reverses of any sort. He was so sure of his standing with the gods, of his own worthiness. But something must be wrong or he could not have failed. He, himself, did not consider the theory of the dead Indian boy. He had been just, he felt, nothing else. His haughtiness, his arrogance, did not lessen, but he began to grow thin. He spent his days fasting and praying that he might learn the reason for his failure, but no light was vouchsafed him.

He determined to leave no stone unturned. He arranged for the Um Tah, the cleansing ceremonial. This was a very fortunate move on his part. The Indians enjoy an Um Tah immensely, and as only a very rich Indian can afford this ceremony it did much to restore his standing.

It lasted for twenty-three days and each night had to be spent in a different camp. The first day, surrounded by the men of the tribe, he rode about fifteen miles, where they formed the first camp. All night they danced and sang, making the celebration as wild as possible.

The plan was to lure the evil spirit out of the medicine man, to join in the celebration. It was hoped that when they slipped away in the early morning, it would still be asleep and they could leave it behind. The second day another fifteen miles was covered and in the evening another celebration took place. This was repeated for twenty-two days and nights.

On the morning of the twenty-third day they prepared for the supreme effort. At three in the morning they stole away from camp with the utmost secrecy. Hostine Nez Atatatle was pretty well exhausted by then, so he was carried in a travois, a sort of hammock slung between horses. The whole band rode with the greatest speed for twenty-one miles. They arrived at their destination about the middle of the morning. It was a hogan especially built for the occasion and around it were heaped great piles of dust. As they arrived they created a tremendous hubbub. Some rode about the hogan shouting and shooting. Others leaped into the dust and flung it about in order to blind the eyes of the possibly pursuing evil spirit. The drummers drummed frantically and everybody yelled. In the midst of all this the medicine man was rushed into the hogan. Some of the escort were dispatched to pick up any of their comrades who had fallen exhausted on the twenty-one-mile run. These were revived by raking their backs with an instrument made of deer toes and turtle shells.

Then began a feast which lasted most of the day and night and with it ended the Um Tah.

Hostine Nez Atatatle felt that he was reinstated in the eyes of the gods and of the tribe and his step grew stronger and again his curses rang out when the Piutes brought in his herds at sunset. Before long he even accepted another case.

This time it was a boy who had been doing some repair work at the bottom of a well, when his father accidentally dropped the bucket on his head. The boy became an idiot, and Hostine Nez Atatatle was called in. His confidence fully restored, he attempted the cure after accepting a comfortable fee. The Um Tah had cost him a great deal and he was glad to be earning again. But again he failed and his failure became definite when the boy wandered off a cliff and was killed.

What the tribe had only whispered before they now said openly. He was a man haunted by a devil, a man with whom it was unsafe to have the small-

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est dealing. Hostine Nez Atatatle had been disturbed before, but he now became desperate, realizing that honor and position were gone, even his life in danger of forfeit, and the faces of the gods turned from him! He had no real friends; his family feared rather than loved him. In bitter loneliness he prayed and fasted, seeking the answer to the riddle, seeking relief from the curse. And everywhere the secret, incurious eyes of the tribe observed him and waited. He sold most of his horses and his turquoise and caused another great ceremonial to be held. It was the fire ceremonial, and the last, the ultimate, resort.

It was necessary to wait some weeks, as it could only be celebrated after a heavy snowfall. For days the tribe worked building a great circular corral, three hundred feet in circumference. It was made of dense brush so that the eyes of the evil ones might not look in, and in the centre forty wagonloads of wood were piled. Every twenty feet, against the inside of the brush inclosure, there were other great piles of wood. Outside the corral a great hogan was built, big enough to contain about two hundred Indians. Of course, you can get a number of Indians into a pretty small space, but even so it was a big hogan. Every day, in that hogan, a medicine man made a sand painting on which Hostine Nez Atatatle sat for some hours, while they prayed and danced about him. On the night of the twenty-eighth day came the great ceremony.

The huge pile of wood in the centre of the corral was set on fire and all the smaller piles about the edge kindled, and in the lane between, in the red glare of the flames, danced thirty naked men, their bodies and faces painted black with white snakes down their arms and legs. Hostine Nez Atatatle sat beside the medicine man who was conducting the ceremony, and the dancers danced before them. After them came thirty men painted yellow with black spots. They carried bows and arrows and as they danced they shot flaming arrows out into the white night where the evil spirits lurked. They were followed by another group and another and another, until there had been sixteen sets, each painted differently, representing the sixteen original clans of the Navajos. After these dancers were gone, a space about twenty feet square was cleared and into it stepped a medicine man, very tall, and with a high headdress. His body was painted black and his face white, and he carried over his arm various bags. He represented the first man.

He made certain passes over the smooth dirt and, out of it, before our eyes, there suddenly arose a woman. I cannot explain this, though I suppose it was some kind of hypnotism. It was a real woman. From where I sat with my foster father I recognized her as a squaw I had seen at the post. The medicine man motioned her to him and she seated herself beside him. He made a few more passes over the even dirt and presently it began to heave itself up into a small mound out of which grew a little tree, bearing on its branches bits of meat, cloth, and other trifles, picturing all the earthly needs.

Then he and the woman lay down and embraced. A moment later he lifted up a small child. This represented the first child born to the Navajos.

By this time the fire was a red-hot blaze, the flames leaping up so high that they seemed to cut the sky to shreds. The tomtoms, which had never ceased all through the night, increased their tempo and twenty naked dancers appeared. They were painted snow white, hair and all, and they carried long wands of cedar bark which had been pounded until they were as flexible as feathers.

Accompanied by a frenzy of drumming and yelling, they rushed up to the blaze, into which they thrust their wands, which kindled at once. With these fiery whips they beat each other and themselves in the maddest dance you can imagine. It seemed impossible that they could stand the great heat of the blaze, to say nothing of the burning cedar wrapped again and again about them. Later I learned that the medicine man paints them with a sort of asbestos paint. But they do not understand that; they think it is the Great Spirit protecting them.

The dancing continued until the fire was dying down and the first light of dawn showed on the horizon. We all went home and Hostine Nez Atatatle was convinced that now he was saved; but most of the Indians doubted it.

Twenty or thirty of his sheep suddenly dropped dead as they grazed. I knew it was poison weed, but no one would believe that. Then his son had an accident. He stumbled and fell into a camp fire, breaking his leg and seriously burning his arm. Something happened to a daughter, I do not remember exactly what. The Indians avoided him. They felt sure he was still accursed.

Never a very talkative man, he became completely silent. When I first knew him he had rather thick, coarse lips. That year they turned into a thin etched line on his face. It was the gossip of the Post that he made things pretty hard for his squaws and children. They were poor now. All the ceremonies and the prayers had consumed his wealth, and, of course, there was nothing coming in.

For a year he kept to himself. No one had word of him or saw him. Then suddenly he was back at the Post, seeming much like his old haughty self. Only there was a queer, inturned look about his eyes that made you nervous. He let it be known that he was ready to resume practice.

I do not think any of our own Indians would have risked it. It was a man from over the hills who came to him finally, for a fee smaller than any other medicine man would have asked. And that man died!

It was, of course, the end for Hostine Nez Atatatle. But Indians never do anything in a hurry. They took no immediate action. However, his squaw did. One morning she was gone, taking with her the depleted flock of sheep. She was afraid, she said, to live with one possessed of the devil.

It must have been about the last blow for him. The Indians would not let him come to the Post for food. He might not get water from their springs. His shadow must not touch their shadow.

He withdrew to a wretched little cave high up on the side of the canyon to wait, I suppose, for what he knew must happen. No Indian came near him; he had nothing to eat but what his arrow brought him.

I met him one day on the trail near his cave and was shocked at how ill he looked. I asked him if he had enough

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to eat. He said that he had, but he complained that he could not sleep and when he did his dreams were so terrible that he preferred to remain awake.

Soon after that I climbed up to his cave with a small gift of food. He seemed glad to see me and motioned me to be seated in the opening of his cave. Looking inside, I saw that there was nothing there but a sheepskin, a pot, and his bow and arrow. Outside was the customary stone wall, which the Navajo builds before a cave for protection. I noticed that one end was broken.

"Hostine Nez Atatatle," I said, "was it you who broke down your wall?"

"Yes," he spoke slowly, "the harm which is on the earth cannot hurt me now. It is the harm that comes by the air that I must fear. And it is already too late to keep it out. If it should wish to leave me, I have made the way clear for its going."

I think he was wishing that death might enter through the broken wall.

Presently he said: "There are two of you—" (Indians were always saying that to me, because I was both white and Indian), "and you think and have some wisdom. Tell me, how has this thing come to me?"

But for all that I was both white and Indian, I could not tell him. So we sat in silence looking out over the great valley of the canyon, and after a while he began to talk. I have said that he was a silent man, but that day he seemed to have a great need of words. He spoke mostly of his boyhood, when he was very little and his father had protected him. He described how they had hunted deer and run wild horses. He had been taken north on the great tribal buffalo hunt. He remembered when the Utes had come down on the warpath and he had hidden in a bush, where an arrow had pierced his shoulder. He dwelt on endless little episodes of his childhood, seeming to wish to make them live again. Then came tales of his young manhood and of his first young wife, dead years ago. How gay their courting had been! She had laughed so much and worn such pretty turquoise. Then he fell silent. There had been no words of his fine big hogan or of the days when he was the first medicine man of his tribe. As I rose to go he pointed up to a steep trail above.

"My father took me up that trail when I was six years old. He carried me most of the way. I brought down an eagle's feather."

Again there fell a silence. Presently I said good-by, but he did not seem to hear me and sat with his eyes fixed on the upper trail where once a child of six had clung to his father's hand.

Down in the valley the Indians grew restless. Strange things happened that winter. Weird lights appeared in the canyon; wolves got their flocks, there were owls calling in the valley. Owls are a very bad sign.

So they sent a party for Hostine Nez Atatatle and he was tried before their court and found guilty of being possessed of a devil.

He had no protest to make. He knew better than they that he was, indeed, possessed.

But before they carried out their sentence they made every effort to save him with endless prayers and fasting. It was a thin ghost of Hostine Nez Atatatle whom they finally took to the Canyon of Human Sacrifice when they knew that there was no more hope.

I saw Hostine Nez Atatatle executed. I was at that time already married, but my husband's occupation made it possible for me to continue living among the Indians. He was away when all this occurred.

I went to Hostine Begal, my foster father, and asked him if it would be possible for me to attend the rites held over Hostine Nez Atatatle. He strongly disapproved.

"It will make you sick," he said.

"It is a bad thing to see," he insisted. He meant that I would be in some danger of the liberated evil spirit of Hostine Nez Atatatle. When I persisted he closed the argument with:

"The medicine man will not allow you!"

Then I went to the medicine man who was to conduct the ceremony. He objected just as strongly as had my foster father.

"It would take too much time to get you ready. Then when you were there you would open your mouth and let the evil spirit in."

Finally he said: "What we do is not for fun—it is bad."

"I know that," I answered, "but you have told me many times that I must remember all I have seen and learned so that in a distant day the wisdom of the tribe will not be forgotten. You have told me to make a record. How shall I do that, if my eyes are bound?"

To this he made no answer, and I saw that I had said enough.

It would have been an insult to have offered him a bribe of money, but the next day I sent a Navajo to his corral with three horses and a cow. For his wife there was a five-pound sack of flour.

On the appointed day I presented myself at the hogan where the Indians were being prepared for the ceremony. The medicine man was busy painting them from head to foot as a protection against the evil spirits. When he came to me he made no comment, but prepared me as he had the others.

The Canyon of Human Sacrifice lay only a few miles from my hogan, but, unless one knew its secret, one might pass its entrance a dozen times without seeing it, so intricate was the path through the rocks. I had never been there before. No Indian dares enter except after elaborate preparations, and I was enough an Indian to have ridden by with head averted when I passed that way. It is a haunted, fatal spot, and those who go there must be painted and prayed over for hours by the medicine man.

It was five in the afternoon when my horse picked his way through the entry to the canyon. Other riders had joined me by the way, but no one spoke. We were not the first to arrive. The ceremony was already commencing.

Let me tell you how it looked when we rode through the cleft in the rocks. It wasn't a very large space, perhaps about fifty feet across and half a mile long; just sheer rocks everywhere, almost no vegetation. Against the cliffs at the four points of the compass, four small stone altars had been built. On each was a dish of meat and a saucer of blood. At the foot of each lay a slain kid.

High up on the east wall there was a great symbol of the sun roughly painted on the rock. It has been there since before the race memory of the Navajos. At its foot, entirely covered by a black blanket, sat Hostine Nez Atatatle, and with him sat his brother and

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one or two others of his kin. He neither moved nor spoke, nor did they.

In the centre of the open space there had been laid a sand bed perhaps eight feet long, four feet wide and six inches thick. Before this sat the medicine man who was conducting the ceremony.

Over at one side were three or four drummers, seated by a little fire, and throughout the whole afternoon the tomtoms sounded softly, but ceaselessly. With them were the singers. This is the chant they sang with endless repetition:

Great Spirit, why have you deserted
this man?
He was given power to heal
To teach his people
How they might live well.
But an evil spirit has entered him
And all is ruined!
He has given up all that was his—
His family, his property, his power.
He has fasted; he has done everything
The Great Spirit has asked!
Can you not help him now?

Then the medicine man, who had sat with head covered and bent, threw off the blanket which had shrouded him and lifted his head. We saw that he had made a small sand painting not more than a foot across. On it was the emblem of the sun and of the moon, and a lizard and a snake.

The medicine man raised his arms to the sky. The sun was beginning to sink behind the western wall of the canyon and it was darkening about us. His shadow stretched away endlessly.

"Great Spirit," he prayed, "show me some way to save this man! If my prayer is not strong enough to save him, then am I weakened, indeed, in the sight of my people. Great Spirit, show us a sign that, even now, he may be saved!"

Then his arms dropped and he sat silent, waiting. Everything seemed to stop. The sun itself seemed to hang motionless over the cliff. No one drew a breath. We just waited.

You see, if the sun had gone behind a cloud at that moment; if the moon had appeared in the far cleft; if a lizard or a snake had crossed the bed of sand, he would be saved! And we stood there and waited. Hostine Nez Atatatle sat over against the cliff—and waited!

It was—well, I cannot tell you what it was like. I do not know how long it lasted. No sound but the low beat of the tomtoms—no movement anywhere in the canyon.

Then the last rays of the sun flashed across on the great painted sun symbol, and it was over.

The medicine man stood up.

"All has been done!" he said.

He walked over to Hostine Nez Atatatle.

"All has been done!" he said again, and held out his hand.

Hostine Nez Atatatle dropped his blanket, rose, and walked over to the bed of sand. He walked with even, measured steps and high chin, and there he lay down. Only when he was flat on the sand, his whole body relaxed as if, after all his sleepless vigils, he was at rest.

With his blanket the medicine man made certain passes over him and then I saw him place a small pellet in the taut line of Hostine Nez Atatatle's lips. Afterwards I asked about this and was told: "It is that which makes you hard."

I believe it was some very powerful narcotic and that the ceremony which followed was designed to give it time to act.

The medicine man stepped back off the bed of sand and said: "We shall pray for you." Then he took off his moccasins, his head band and blanket, and these he laid upon the little fire beside which the drummers sat.

There came to him an old, old squaw, his great-grandmother, herself a medicine woman, carrying a bowl of a mixture of herbs. Some of the contents he sprinkled on his head. In what remained he dipped his hands and washed them. Then he raised his arms high and let out three terrifying yells while the musicians beat their rattles and tomtoms and the silence of the canyon was shattered and torn.

He said: "Great Spirit, you have done this!"

Then the four riders appeared. I suppose they had been there all the time, just out of sight in some cleft, but they had the appearance of having risen out of the earth. So wildly painted and decorated were the bodies of the riders that no one could know them. They were heavily blindfolded. The four horses were led by four guides, masked and fantastically painted.

Slowly, to the beat of the tomtom, they advanced to the bed of sand. There they took positions at the four points of the compass. In their midst lay Hostine Nez Atatatle. He made no move of any kind, though his limbs were unbound. His eyes stared straight at the sky from which the sun had gone.

To the saddle of each horse there was fastened a rope. The ends of the ropes of the horses from the north and east were tied to his wrists; those of the south and west to his ankles. When this was done and the ropes were sure and strong, each rider lifted his whip and slowly rode away, one to the east, one to the west, and the others to the north and south.

It was all over in a moment. You would not think it could be over so quickly.

No, there was no sound in the canyon, not a single sound—only the tomtom!

For an hour the horsemen rode blindfolded. Their guides had set them onto trails, but not the usual travelled trails, for, after they were gone, the path by which they had passed must be obliterated. When the first hour was over they took off their bandages but they never looked back to see what might follow at the end of the rope.

All night they rode, for the evil spirit must be scattered far and wide. At dawn they cut the ropes and rode on. At noon they might take shelter at any hogan they came to, but they might speak no word, not then nor for six days. Their horses they must turn loose and drive away, for no one must mount those horses ever again. They were devil horses from then on, branded with a brand that every Indian knows.

Back in the canyon the leaders of the horses toiled for hours, carrying away the sand on which Hostine Nez Atatatle had lain, for it also was accursed. They carried it to the four points of the compass, and on each pile they placed a prayer stick. The stones of the altars they scattered far.

The medicine man who had made the prayer did not practise again for years. He had failed once—and he had seen a medicine man die.

As for me—I went home sick—sick! But there were two of me, and while the white woman shuddered, the Indian bowed her head and knew that there was no other possible end.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

I WENT for the third time to see Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." This piece had been running over a year at the Empire Theatre, the longest run of any play at that house, and it is a place famous for successful productions. It was the last week of the engagement, and an attendant shouted in front of the box-office, "No more seats! Every seat is sold for the balance of the week." Hundreds were being turned away, and went out disconsolately into the street. As I passed the ticket-taker, and entered the theatre, the place was jammed, although it was nearly fifteen minutes before the rise of the curtain. The largest number of vertical spectators that I have ever seen made such a wall of humanity in the "Standing Room Only" spaces, that I had literally to fight my way into the aisle. There was an air of expectation such as one seldom feels in the theatre—the vast audience seemed to know that witnessing this play was a matter of life and death.

This has been a bad year theatrically as well as in every other aspect; many theatres are dark, and many others are imploring audiences to come and save their plays from extinction. But here is a drama accepted by Katharine Cornell in manuscript, and already in its triumphant second year in London, and taken off in New York when it seems obvious that it could easily pack the house for two more seasons. Never before have I heard of such a stoppage of success.

After the play was over, I talked with Katharine Cornell, whose impersonation of Elizabeth Barrett is so impressive and so affecting. Naturally I asked her why she took it out of New York in the full tide of prosperity. It is because she wishes other cities to have the privilege of seeing it.

She is not doing the customary thing, sending out a second or a third "road company." She is taking it herself. This might almost be called missionary work; for under the peculiar conditions of theatre-going in America, the only place where the modern drama may be adequately heard is New York. Those who live in Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and Kansas City have hardly better opportunities to know what is going on in modern drama, than if they lived in Manchuria. If a stranger made an estimate of the level of culture in American cities by the number and quality of local offerings in the theatre, his appraisal would not be flattering. To realize this, all one has to do in Boston or Buffalo or Pittsburgh is to glance at the theatrical advertisements.

Thus Katharine Cornell is giving a goodly number of the American people a rare opportunity, the opportunity not merely of seeing a very fine play beautifully presented and acted, but the opportunity of having an emotional experience that will be remembered as long as life lasts. To see "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is to enrich one's intellectual and spiritual existence.

As SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is read in every town in America, let me urge the inhabitants of every city where this play comes, not to miss it. Go without three meals if necessary, but don't let this drama pass unseen.

"The Barretts" is being talked about in remote corners of the earth. In consequence of a previous note I had written about it, a letter comes from a man in Australia, who wishes he might be in England or in America to see this play. He received an impact merely by hearing about it; and I hope by this time he has read it, for it is now available in book form. But it is primarily a piece for the theatre; it must be seen incarnate in order to be truly appreciated. Its appearance at this moment in the world's history has a significance more than the birth of a work of art.

Every good play artistically presented creates the illusion; we forget that we are in the theatre, and what is more important, we forget ourselves. We are drawn away from the world of current events and from our own petty affairs to a spectacle of human life, which at the moment takes possession of our attention. But while this is especially true of "The Barretts," it is not merely our interest that is held in bondage; our lives are changed. Among the thousands who have seen this play, there are many individuals who have entered the theatre with one set of ideas, one attitude toward life, and emerged profoundly different. To a certain extent this should be the case with every great emotional experience; one should not hear a symphony of Beethoven, one should not read a great poem, one should not see a painting by Raphael, one should not see the Grand Canyon, and be just the same afterward. As the poet Flecker said, "The business of poetry is not to save men's souls, but to make them worth saving." Every sincere and beautiful work of art should enlarge one's personality.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is unusually long. But it all takes place in one room, and with one tremendous exception, is concerned with the fortunes of one family. Love is the supreme force in the world—*amor vincit omnia*—and this is a love story comparable to no other. It is all *true*. Those who believe that the tyranny of Mr. Barrett is over-emphasized for theatrical effect do not know the real man.

His character was so dominating, so austerely terrifying, he had that absolute certainty he was right, characteristic usually of those who are wrong, he had so successfully cowed his children from birth, they were so financially dependent on him that mere existence without him was impossible. He had all the conditions necessary for the success of absolute monarchy. He knew he was the Head of the House, and his nine children knew it too. For in order to be a successful aristocrat, the subjects must be as convinced as the sovereign.

But there is one force in the world greater than Fear—it is Love. Only one man in the world could have saved Elizabeth—for once the time and the place and the loved one were all together.

Robert Browning was probably the greatest personal force in English literature. Apart from his genius as an imaginative writer, he had enough energy for ten men. Innumerable times have I witnessed the contact between his poetry and the mind of youth—and there

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is always something different from the effect produced merely by great art. Although Browning insisted his poetry was "dramatic," the utterances of persons other than their creator, he himself shows through his work, like powerful muscles through diaphanous garments.

The moment Browning (Mr. Ahearne) enters the sickroom on the stage, the audience feels a current of fresh air, an irresistible rush of vitality. Transfusion of blood is so well-known a means of health as to excite no comment. But we need to be reminded of the even more powerful transfusion of personality, that force which defies diagnosis and explanation, but which is as evident as the wind. The immense and permanent effect of this drama on the spectators is by its illustration of the significance of personality. In such contact faith and hope and vigor take the place of doubt, despair, and weakness.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was never more needed than now. The whole world is sick. An English naval officer told me that although Europe was much worse off than America, he had never seen such pessimism in England or on the Continent as in the United States. Possibly it is because over there they have been accustomed to get along with less luxury than we imagine to be essential; possibly it is because they have outlived more disasters. But for whatever reason, our stock of hope seems to be the lowest in the world. Our young men and women are going out from universities and schools this year into a world gloomy and despairing.

Well, I have one sound prescription for them—*Browning*. Whether they like his poetry or not, they are sure to profit from his spirit. He believed that we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

This is why this particular drama, in which he gave health and confidence to one sick and hopeless, contains truth, actual fact, needed now more than ever before. Those who have seen this play have seen something more than a thrilling drama, they have had an experience.

The constantly increasing number of books on Browning receives a notable addition in "Browning—Background and Conflict," by F. R. G. Duckworth, of the University of Liverpool. This is a work of over two hundred pages, dealing mainly with British (rather than American) criticism of Browning in three separate periods—1850–59, 1890–99, and 1920–29. The "conflict" that Mr. Duckworth sees in Browning's personality and poetry is the subject of the second half of his book. This is a thoughtful and even a provocative piece of literary criticism, and the last sentence gives us—if any were needed—a new and additional reason for reading Browning.

"We may come to see some of our own troubles and pleasures, our own most modern doubts and certainties, faithfully mirrored or forecast with a marvellous accuracy."

The present year is one of several anniversaries. First and foremost is that of Goethe, celebrated all over the world. It is pleasant to remember that the greatest writers are after all the Best Sellers. Millions read Goethe. Some months ago, when I mentioned in these columns that in his "Röslein" song, the line in the last stanza should read

"Habt *ihr* doch kein weh und ach"

instead of *ihm*, seen in many texts, I got so many letters from all over the world that I was forced to apply closure.

It is also the hundredth anniversary of the death of Walter Scott, who was the first to translate into English Goethe's early romantic drama, "Götz von Berlichingen." The two men had for each other respect and admiration.

It is also the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Haydn; he has always been a popular composer, but there have been times when he was not taken too seriously. His fame is brighter now than ever before. During the past season, Bruno Walter conducted a Haydn symphony in New York in a manner that revealed unsuspected beauties in a familiar masterpiece. And just as we now need the poetry and personality of Browning, so we need also the music and personality of Haydn. He was sunnyhearted and his music reflects his temperament. In his old age he said "Anybody just by looking at me can see that I am a good-natured fellow." He was free from a besetting sin of artists—jealousy. There was no room for envy or jealousy in his big heart. The relations between him and Mozart set a fine example. When Haydn went to London and in Westminster Abbey heard "The Messiah," the tears ran down his cheeks and he said "Handel is the Master of us all." I have received an interesting letter from Eva J. O'Meara, of the Library of the School of Music at Yale.

"In looking for works of interest in connection with the Haydn bi-centenary I ran across a notice in Burney's History. In vol. 4, p. 599, Dr. Burney says: 'I am now happily arrived at that part of my narrative where it is necessary to speak of HAYDN! The admirable and matchless HAYDN! from whose productions I have received more pleasure late in my life, when tired of most other Music, than I ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of my youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety.' Then follow three pages about Haydn and his works."

The death of Edgar Wallace removes one of the most inventive and prolific and versatile authors of our time. His mind teemed with plots and he worked at lightning speed. He spent a few days looking over one American city, and in another few days wrote a crime-play that ran a year. I suppose he can hardly be said to have a permanent place in literature, but he was a public benefactor. He never wrote a dull book. We can give him one of the finest epitaphs ever written, that of Prince Hal on Falstaff.

"I could have better spared a better man."

Here are some authors from whom I want more.

Joe Cook.
E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Ogden Nash.
F. P. Adams.
Samuel Hoffenstein.
Dorothy Parker.
Agatha Christie.
S. S. Van Dine.
J. Jefferson Farjeon.
Harry Leon Wilson.
What has become of Bulldog Drummond?

The great undertaking of the "Dictionary of American Biography" goes

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bravely on, and here is the eighth volume, *Grinnell to Hibbard*. Long ago I found I could not keep house without the (British) "Dictionary of National Biography," and the American is equally indispensable. The greatest man among the statesmen, and also the best known, is Alexander Hamilton, who has 17 columns; others, nearly as well known, though not so great, are Warren Gamaliel Harding, 12 columns, Benjamin Harrison, 9 columns, William Henry Harrison, 7 columns, John Hay, 12 columns, Rutherford B. Hayes, 9 columns, Patrick Henry, 11 columns.

The greatest man of letters is Nathaniel Hawthorne, 10 columns, closely followed by Joel Chandler Harris (only 4 columns) and Bret Harte (6 columns). Other names whom every reader should recognize are Edward Everett Hale, Nathan Hale, John Hancock, Lafcadio Hearn, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Victor Herbert. The two leading college presidents are Arthur T. Hadley and William R. Harper, who receive extended notice. John Harvard is paradoxically both distant and familiar.

My readers of the younger generation may now test the range and extent of their knowledge by considering the following names; I should really like to know if any one under twenty-five years of age recognizes them all.

Louise Imogen Guiney, Francis B. Gummere, Archibald Clavering Gunter, Arnold Henry Guyot, John Habberton, Asaph Hall, Stanley Hall, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Murat Halstead, Hannibal Hamlin, Wade Hampton, Phœbe Hanaford, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, Isabel Hapgood, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, John Marshall Harlan, Henry Harland, Harper Brothers, Edward Harrigan, Edward H. Harriman, William T. Harris, Carter Harrison, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Thomas Hastings, Percy Haughton, Minnie Hauk, Paul Haupt, H. O. and W. F. Havemeyer, Christopher Haverly, Rush C. Hawkins, Joseph R. Hawley, Mayo Williamson Hazeltine, Phœbe Hearst, Frederick H. Hedge, David B. Henderson, Thomas A. Hendricks, Joseph Henry, George H. Hepworth, Henry W. Herbert, William H. Herndon, James A. Herne, James B. and John B. Herreshoff, Myron T. Herrick, Abram S. Hewitt, Thomas Heyward—certainly a variety of talent!

And speaking of tests of knowledge, here comes a flattish book called "Quiz Yourself," by John Francis Goldsmith, containing a series of questions that will make almost any person lose his self-respect.

I am glad to welcome "Collected Parodies" by our accomplished American poet and man of letters, Louis Untermeyer. This book will add to the gaiety of English-speaking nations. A fine book to read aloud to congenial friends under the lamplight. And along with it, by the same writer, is "The Book of Living Verse," an admirable anthology of English and American Poetry from the thirteenth century to now. Over six hundred well-printed pages in a volume that can be carried in the pocket.

Another brilliant little book of delightful parodies is by the scholarly G. F. Bradby, pleasantly christened "Parody and Dust-Shot." He begins with Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Browning and others.

Two more volumes in "Everyman's Encylopædia" complete two-thirds of the projected twelve. Cheap and convenient. An enormous amount of information packed in small space.

Mr. Frank Bergen, of Newark, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the metropolitan area, has collected in two handsome volumes his "Essays and Speeches." He is an authority on American Constitutional history and his biographical writings on American statesmen display both knowledge and cerebration. I commend to all thoughtful readers his essays on Washington, on the U. S. Constitution, "The Other Side of the Declaration of Independence," "Webster's Work for the Union," and fifty other papers. At the end he prints some letters from Andrew D. White, Lecky, Trevelyan, John T. Morse, Jr., Bryce and others. Those who remember the speeches of the late Professor William Graham Sumner will recognize his manner in his letter to Mr. Bergen:

New Haven, Conn.,
Jan. 4, 1898.

Dear Sir:

I am very proud, if I contributed, in any degree, to inspire your lecture. Early American history is as mythological as that of early Rome. Our orators and editors seem to think that our people have acquired such an appetite for flapdoodle that it will accept nothing else. I am not sure that they are not half right. The truth, however, ought to have some respect paid to it and I am glad to see that people here and there do respond to its claims.

Mr. Bergen's book will upset many cherished traditions but that is not its object. Its object is to contribute facts and thoughtful interpretations.

The death of the young British scholar, Geoffrey Scott, was such a loss to the world of learning and letters, that I rejoice to see some Golden Remains are published in a slender volume of "Poems." They are magnificent, wholly original, filled with force and fervor and beauty.

Adapted to the flattening purses of these days, many separate works by famous authors are now being assembled into one volume; so that the reader may obtain three full-length books at about the price of one. I am glad to see that John Galsworthy has given his consent to the binding together of three of his best-known novels (outside of the Forsyte family), to wit: "The Country House" (1907), "Fraternity" (1909), "The Patrician" (1911). The collection is called "Worshipful Society." Of these three I like "The Patrician" best.

An Anthology that will please all those who wish to read in solitude poetry that is spiritual and mystical in thought and aspiration, is called "O World Invisible," the title taken from one of the most famous poems of Francis Thompson. It is a slender book of only a little over one hundred pages, is exclusively a collection of religious poems, and is edited by Edward Thompson.

"A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue," edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, is a revised and enlarged edition of what appeared first in 1900 and ran through a number of impressions. It is particularly valuable because so many of these poems are not easy to find elsewhere.

Both readers and collectors will be interested in "Unpublished Early Poems by Alfred Tennyson," edited by his grandson, Charles Tennyson. Most of these were written in his boyhood and in his undergraduate days at Cam-

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bridge. Perhaps the nine sonnets will attract the most attention. Tennyson and Browning wrote very few sonnets and suppressed a considerable proportion. The quippy poem on Milton's mulberry tree at Christ's College will amuse many pilgrims.

A new translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," by Jefferson Butler Fletcher, unencumbered with notes, is so well done and in so fine a metrical fashion that I recommend it to all English readers. Hesitating between the literalness of prose and the loss of meaning certain in English blank verse or in following Dante's metre exactly, Professor Fletcher had the happy inspiration of "unlinked tercets," by which we get both the poetry and the thought. To me this is the most satisfactory of the many translations. The volume is illustrated by the drawings made for the poem by Botticelli.

A new volume of verse by Reginald Pole, called "Nights and Hours," has so many fine things, with varying moods of love and reverence and satire and mirth, that I welcome it as an excellent representative of "intimate" poetry.

We turn from the flame of love to the smoke of nicotine in a learned and diverting volume called "A History of Smoking," written by Count Gorti, translated by Paul England, and embellished with sixty-four marvellous illustrations. There is a good Index and the very full Bibliography will surprise many readers. The book begins with human history, and the last chapter is well named "The Final Triumph of Smoking." At the beginning of the twentieth century, who could have foreseen the conquest of the civilized world by tobacco?

Many interesting anecdotes of famous smokers are given. I did not know that after the capture of Fort Donelson by Grant, he was presented by admirers all over the North with eleven thousand cigars. Carlyle and Tennyson should have been mentioned as prodigious smokers. The late Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard was as consistent a smoker as I ever knew, and he expressed the opinion that professors should smoke in the classroom while delivering lectures. He had the gift of making rings for which I envied him. He would shoot six or seven loops in the air and then shoot one final ring through them all. I agree with Frank Crowninshield that one should not smoke just before a meal or during it, though the practice is becoming increasingly common. It spoils the taste of good food. The American railway dining-car used to be free of smoke; women are responsible for the change.

Doctor Henry Seidel Canby has won an enviable position as a critic of American literature, and his latest work, "Classic Americans," with essays on Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Melville, Poe, Whitman, is full of penetration and common sense. He has no fads and no eccentricities; he holds the scales with a steady hand. It is still very difficult to write satisfactorily on Whitman; satisfactorily, I mean, to those who are neither scoffers nor idolaters. Doctor Canby in this essay is at his best. There is a good Index and a Selective Bibliography.

A fine book for experts is "Earthquake Damage and Earthquake Insurance," by the famous authority, John R. Freeman. A monumental work of over 900 pages, abundantly illustrated. This man could make the minutes of the previous meeting exciting.

Olin Downes, the music critic of the New York *Times,* has an immense audience over the radio, when he interprets symphony concerts in New York on Sunday afternoons. He has now wisely collected a number of these lectures in a book of over 300 pages, called "Symphonic Broadcasts." They are admirable commentaries in language adapted to the amateur.

I also recommend a tiny booklet, enjoyed best with a piano at hand, called "Strauss's Tone-Poems," by Thomas Armstrong. I wish he had included the early one, "Macbeth," which some day I hope to hear again. It is thrilling.

Authors are beginning earlier and earlier. Frederick J. Steinhardt, aged twenty-one, writes an admirable book of the sea, "Sailor's Progress," in which his love for his craft is communicated to his readers. Sailing has a thrill all its own.

Dorothy Canfield, who, like her contemporaries Anne Sedgwick and Edith Wharton, knows France better than most of its inhabitants, has produced an interesting collection of tales called "Basque People," of which I like best "An Ancestral Home." I should like all these even better if I knew something of the Basque country, but the nearest I ever got to it was at Pau, which is as like it as Chillicothe, Ohio.

An astonishingly good piece of condensation is a volume of 250 pages called "The Theatre from Athens to Broadway," by Thomas Wood Stevens. It has none of the routine style of the "manual," but is full of observations that arouse thought. For example:

"The standard of craftsmanship represented by Sidney Howard, Maxwell Anderson, Martin Flavin, George Kelly, Philip Barry, and Marc Connelly—not to go down the list—is high. But so far we have not had from any of these men a play or group of plays which tends to change in the least, for better or worse, the course of the theatre—even that special locus of the theatre which we call Broadway. We may be very thankful for the excellence of the workmanship, but we must in candor admit that without any given example of their works the state of the stage would be the same. Their phase of realism, glossy and persuasive as it is, is wearing down, and Hollywood gets them in the end. . . . A good rebel, steadier than O'Neill, less the journalist than Shaw, more versatile than Pirandello, more purely dramatic than any of these, is what the theatre needs. . . . A large order."

I have often wondered why *Chauve-souris,* meaning "bat," should be the name of an entertainment. I am informed by Madame Serge Beliavsky of New Haven:

Nikita Balieff opened this "literary and artistic" cabaret in Moscow before the war. He was the *conferencier,* and the "Bat" opened its door for the guests after midnight, after the closing of the theatres.

From Miss Emma B. Mahon, of Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

"In the December number of SCRIBNER'S, in 'As I Like It,' you write of two apple trees growing on your summer golf course. The apples are called 'sheep nose,' although you have known

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them as 'gillyflowers,' and you add, somewhat regretfully, 'which word applied to apples in America, seems obsolescent.'

"Oh, Dr. Phelps! What could you expect of apples growing on a golf course? No wonder they have discarded their old-fashioned, poetic name. In the real apple orchards of Wayne County, Up State New York, they are still known as 'Gillyflowers.' I enclose an advertisement from the *Wayne Democratic Press,* Lyons, N. Y.:

"APPLES FOR SALE AT MY FARM.

Baldwins, Greenings, Hess, Tallman, Sweets, Gill Flowers—50 cents a bushel at the farm, Charas Clausz, near Lock Berlin."

From C. H. Sholes, of Los Angeles:

"Here is a word, contained in no dictionary to my knowledge, which seems so worthy of adoption that I want to pass it on to you for your approval.

" 'Skyugle,' pro. long u; skyugled, skyugling.

"I believe it to have been coined by A. M. Fairfield (now deceased), for 25 years a school teacher in and around Susanville, California, from whom I learned it in correspondence. As I gathered from his use of it in his letters, it means to travel about aimlessly, in a purposeless way, to wander about just to be going somewhere, with no end in view. How delectably it describes certain motor tourists! It's worth adopting for that use alone."

And now we are off to Athens, where my article for the next month will be written. I will close this with the last line of Schiller's "Don Carlos," which an undergraduate put for the benefit of the examiners at the end of his German paper.

"I have done my part. Now do yours."
Ich habe das Meinige getan. Tun Sie das Ihrige.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

"Dictionary of American Biography," Vol. VIII. Scribners.
"Browning—Background and Conflict," by F. R. G. Duckworth. Dutton. $2.
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," by Rudolf Besier. Little Brown.
"The Theatre from Athens to Broadway," by T. W. Stevens. Appleton. $2.50.
"Basque People," by Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.
"Worshipful Society," by John Galsworthy. Scribners. $2.50.
"Symphonic Broadcasts," by Olin Downes. Dial. $2.50.
"Strauss's Tone-Poems," by Thomas Armstrong. Oxford. 50 cents.
"Sailor's Progress," by F. J. Steinhardt. Dial. $3.50.
"Earthquake Damage and Earthquake Insurance," by J. R. Freeman. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
"A History of Smoking," by Count Corti. Harcourt Brace. $3.50.
"Nights and Hours," by R. Pole. Primavera Press, Los Angeles. $1.50.
"Divine Comedy," translated by J. B. Fletcher. Macmillan. $5.
"Unpublished Early Poems of Tennyson," ed. by C. Tennyson. Macmillan. $5.
"A Treasury of Irish Poetry," ed. Brooke and Rolleston. Macmillan. $3.
"O World Invisible," ed. E. Thompson. Dutton. $2.
"The Book of Living Verse," by L. Untermeyer. Harcourt Brace. $2.50.
"Everyman's Encyclopædia," 12 volumes. Dutton. The set, $30.
"Poems," by Geoffrey Scott. Oxford. $1.75.
"Collected Parodies," by L. Untermeyer. Harcourt Brace. $2.75.
"Parody and Dust-Shot," by G. F. Bradby. Oxford. $1.75.
"Quiz Yourself," by J. F. Goldsmith. Harcourt Brace. $1.

THE CRACKED LOOKING-GLASS *Continued from page 276*

us." "I'd be proud of that as if I came from Mayo," said Kevin, and he went on slapping paint on Rosaleen's front gate. They stood there smiling at each other, feeling they had agreed enough, it was time to think of how to get the best of each other in the talk from now on. For more than a year they had tried to get the best of each other in the talk, and sometimes it was one and sometimes another, but a gay easy time and such a bubble of joy like a kettle singing. "You've been a sister to me, Rosaleen, I'll not forget ye while I have breath." He had said that the last night. Dennis muttered and snored a little. Rosaleen wanted to mourn about everything at the top of her voice, but it wouldn't do to wake Dennis. He was sleeping like the dead after all that goose.

Rosaleen said, "Dennis, I dreamed about Kevin in the night. There was a grave, an old one, but with fresh flowers on it, and a name on the headstone cut very clear but as if it was in another language and I couldn't make it out some way. You came up then and I said, 'Dennis, what grave is this?' and you answered me, 'That's Kevin's grave, don't you remember? And you put those flowers there yourself.' Then I said, 'Well, a grave it is then, and let's not think of it any more.' Now isn't it strange to think Kevin's been dead all this time and I didn't know it?"

Dennis said, "He's not fit to mention, going off as he did after all our kindness to him, and not a word from him."

"It was because he hadn't the power any more," said Rosaleen. "And ye mustn't be down on him now. I was wrong to put my judgment on him the way I did. Ah, but to think! Kevin dead and gone, and all these natives and foreigners living on, with the paint still on their barns and houses where Kevin put it! It's very bitter."

Grieving for Kevin, she drifted into thinking of the natives and foreigners who owned farms all around her. She was afraid for her life of them, she said, the way they looked at you out of their heathen faces, the foreigners bold as brass, the natives sly and mean. "The way they do be selling the drink to all, and burning each other in their beds and splitting each other's heads with axes," she complained. "The decent people aren't safe in their houses."

Yesterday she had seen that native Guy Richards going by wild-drunk again, fit to do any crime. He was a great offense to Rosaleen, with his shaggy mustaches and his shirt in rags till the brawny skin showed through, a shame to the world, staring around with his sneering eyes; living by himself in a shack and having his cronies in for drink until you could hear them shouting at all hours and careering round the countryside like the devils

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from hell. He would pass by the house driving his bony gray horse at top speed, standing up in the rackety buggy singing in a voice like a power of scrap-iron falling, drunk as a lord before breakfast. Once when Rosaleen was standing in her doorway wearing a green checker-board dress, he yelled at her: "Hey, Rosie, want to come for a ride?"

"The bold stump!" said Rosaleen to Dennis, "if ever he lays a finger on me I'll shoot him dead."

"If you mind your business by day," said Dennis in a shrivelled voice, "and bar the doors well by night, there'll be no call to shoot anybody."

"Little you know!" said Rosaleen. She had a series of visions of Richards laying a finger on her and herself shooting him dead in his tracks. "Whatever would I do without ye, Dennis?" she asked him that night, as they sat on the steps in a soft darkness full of fireflies and the sound of crickets. "When I think of all the kinds of men there are in the world. That Richards!"

"When a man is young he likes his fun," said Dennis amiably, beginning to yawn. "Young, is it?" said Rosaleen, warm with anger. "The old crow! Fit to have children grown he is, the same as myself, and I'm a settled woman over her nonsense!" Dennis almost said, "I'll never call you old," but all at once he was irritable too. "Will you stop your gossiping?" he asked censoriously.

Rosaleen sat silent, without rancor, but there was no denying the old man was getting old, old. He got up as if he gathered his bones in his arms, and carried himself in the house. Somewhere inside of him there must be Dennis, but where? "The world is a wilderness," she informed the crickets and frogs and fireflies.

Richards never had offered to lay a finger on Rosaleen, but now and again he pulled up at the gate when he was not quite drunk, and sat with them afternoons on the doorstep, and there were signs in him of a nice-behaved man before the drink got him down. He would tell them stories of his life, and what a desperate wild fellow he had been, all in all. Not when he was a boy, though. As long as his mother lived he had never done a thing to hurt her feelings. She wasn't what you might call a rugged woman, the least thing made her sick, and she was so religious she prayed all day long under her breath at her work, and even while she ate. He had belonged to a society called The Sons of Temperance, with all the boys in the countryside banded together under a vow never to touch strong drink in any form: "Not even for medicinal purposes," he would quote, raising his right hand and staring solemnly before him. Quite often he would burst into a rousing march tune which he remembered from the weekly singings they had held: "With flags of temperance flying, With banners white as snow," and he could still repeat almost word for word the favorite poem he had been called upon to recite at every meeting: "At midnight, in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour——"

Rosaleen wanted to interrupt sometimes and tell him that had been no sort of life, he should have been young in Ireland. But she wouldn't say it. She sat stiffly beside Dennis and looked at Richards severely out of the corner of her eye, wondering if he remembered that time he had yelled "Hey, Rosie!" at her. It was enough to make a woman wild not to find a word in her mouth for such boldness. The cheek of him, pretending nothing had happened. One day she was racking her mind for some saying that would put him in his place, while he was telling about the clambakes his gang was always having down by the creek behind the rock pile, with a keg of home-brew beer; and the dances the Railroad Street outfit gave every Saturday night in Winston. "We're always up to some devilment," he said, looking straight at Rosaleen, and before she could say scat, the hellion had winked his near eye at her. She turned away with her mouth down at the corners; after a long minute, she said, "Good day to ye, Mr. Richards," cold as ice, and went in the house. She took down the looking-glass to see what kind of look she had on her, but the wavy place made her eyes broad and blurred as the palm of her hands, and she couldn't tell her nose from her mouth in the cracked seam . . .

The pipe salesman came back next month and brought a patent cooking pot that cooked vegetables perfectly without any water in them. "It's a lot healthier way of cooking, Miz O'Toole," Dennis heard his mouthy voice going thirteen to the dozen. "I'm telling you as a friend because you're a good customer of mine."

"Is it so?" thought Dennis, and his gall stirred within him.

"You'll find it's going to be a perfect God-send for your husband's health. Old folks need to be mighty careful what they eat, and you know better than I do, Miz O'Toole, that health begins or ends right in the kitchen. Now your husband don't look as stout as he might. It's because, tasty as your cooking is, you've been pouring all the good vitamins, the sunlit life-giving elements, right down the sink. . . . Right down the sink, Miz O'Toole, is where you're pouring your husband's health and your own. And I say it's a shame, a good-looking woman like you wasting your time and strength standing over the cook-stove when all you've got to do from now on is just fill this scientific little contrivance with whatever you've planned for dinner and then go away and read a good book in your parlor while it's cooking—or curl your hair."

"My hair curls by nature," said Rosaleen. Dennis almost groaned aloud from his hiding-place.

"For the love of—why, Miz O'Toole, you don't mean to tell me that! When I first saw that hair, I said to myself, why, it's so perfect it looks to be artificial! I was just getting ready to ask you how you did it so I could tell my wife. Well, if your hair curls like that, without any vitamins at all, I want to come back and have a look at it after you've been cooking in this little pot for two weeks."

Rosaleen said, "Well, it's not my looks I'm thinking about. But my husband isn't up to himself, and that's the truth, Mr. Pendleton. Ah, it would have done your heart good to see that man in his younger days! Strong as an ox he was, the way no man dared to rouse his anger. I've seen my husband, many's the time, swing on a man with his fist and send him sprawling twenty feet, and that for the least thing, mind you! But Dennis could never hold his grudge for long, and the next instant you'd see him picking the man up and dusting him off like a brother and saying, 'Now think no more of that.' He was too forgiving always. It was his great fault."

"And look at him now," said Mr. Pendleton, sadly.

Dennis felt pretty hot around the ears.

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He stood forward at the corner of the house, listening. He had never weighed more than one hundred thirty pounds at his most, a tall thin man he had been always, a little proud of his elegant shape, and not since he left school in Bristol had he lifted his hand in anger against a creature, brute or human. "He was a fine man a woman could rely on, Mr. Pendleton," said Rosaleen, "and quick as a tiger with his fists."

"I might be dead and mouldering away to dust the way she talks," thought Dennis, "and there she is throwing away the money as if she was already a gay widow woman." He tottered out bent on speaking his mind and putting a stop to such foolishness. The salesman turned a floppy smile and shrewd little eyes upon him. "Hello, Mr. O'Toole," he said, with the manly cordiality he used for husbands. "I'm just leaving you a little birthday present with the Missis here." "It's not my birthday," said Dennis, sour as a lemon. "That's just a manner of speaking!" interrupted Rosaleen, merrily. "And now many thanks to ye, Mr. Pendleton."

"Many thanks to *you,* Miz O'Toole," answered the salesman, folding away nine dollars of good green money. No more was said except good day, and Rosaleen stood shading her eyes to watch the Ford walloping off down the hummocky lane. "That's a nice, decent family man," she told Dennis, as if rebuking his evil thoughts. "He travels out of New York, and he always has the latest thing and the best. He's full of admiration for ye, too, Dennis. He said he couldn't call to mind another man of your age as sound as you are."

"I heard him," said Dennis. "I know all he said."

"Well, then," said Rosaleen, serenely. "There's no good saying it over." She hurried to wash potatoes to cook in the pot that made the hair curl.

The winter piled in upon them, and the snow was shot through with blizzards. Dennis couldn't bear a breath of cold, and all but sat in the oven, rheumy and grunty, with his muffler on. Rosaleen began to feel as if she couldn't bear the feel of her clothes in the hot kitchen, and when she did the barn work she had one chill after another. She complained that her hands were gnawed to the bone with the cold. Did Dennis realize that now, or was he going to sit like a log all winter, and where was the lad he had promised her to help with the outside work?

Dennis sat wordless under her unreasonableness, thinking she had very little work for a strong-bodied woman, and the truth was she was blaming him for something he couldn't help. Still she said nothing he could take hold of, only nipping his head off when the kettle dried up or the fire went low. There would come a day when she would say outright, "It's no life here, I won't stay here any longer," and she would drag him back to a flat in New York, or even leave him, maybe. Would she? Would she do such a thing? Such a thought had never occurred to him before. He peered at her as if he watched through a keyhole. He tried to think of something to ease her mind, but no plan came. She would look at some harmless thing around the house, say—the calendar, and suddenly tear it off the wall and stuff it in the fire. "I hate the very sight of it," she would explain, and she was always hating the very sight of one thing or another, even the cow; almost, but not quite, the cats.

One morning she sat up very tired and forlorn, and began almost before Dennis could get an eye open: "I had a dream in the night that my sister Honora was sick and dying in her bed, and was calling for me." She bowed her head on her hands and breathed brokenly to her very toes, and said, "It's only natural I must go to Boston to find out for myself how it is, isn't it?" Dennis, pulling on the chest protector she had knitted him for Christmas, said, "I suppose so. It looks that way."

Over the coffee pot she began making her plans. "I could go if only I had a coat. It should be a fur one against this weather. A coat is what I've needed all these years. If I had a coat I'd go this very day."

"You've a great coat with fur on it," said Dennis.

"A rag of a coat!" cried Rosaleen. "And I won't have Honora see me in it. She was jealous always, Dennis, she'd be glad to see me without a coat."

"If she's sick and dying maybe she won't notice," said Dennis.

Rosaleen agreed. "And maybe it will be better to buy one there, or in New York—something in the new style."

"It's long out of your way by New York," said Dennis, "There's shorter ways to Boston than that."

"It's by New York I'm going, because the trains are better," said Rosaleen, "and I want to go that way." There was a look on her face as if you could put her on the rack and she wouldn't yield. Dennis kept silence.

When the postman passed she asked him to leave word with the native family up the hill to send their lad down for a few days to help with the chores, at the same pay as before. And to-morrow morning, if it was all the same to him, she'd be driving in with him to the train. All day long, with her hair in curl papers, she worked getting her things together in the lazy old canvas bag. She put a ham on to bake and set bread and filled the closet off the kitchen with firewood. "Maybe there'll come a message saying Honora's better and I shan't have to go," she said several times, but her eyes were excited and she walked about so briskly the floor shook.

Late in the afternoon Guy Richards knocked, and floundered in stamping his big boots. He was almost sober, but he wasn't going to be for long. Rosaleen said, "I've sad news about my sister, she's on her deathbed maybe and I'm going to Boston."

"I hope it's nothing serious, Missis O'Toole," said Richards. "Let's drink her health in this," and he took out a bottle half full of desperate-looking drink. Dennis said he didn't mind. Richards said, "Will the lady join us?" and his eyes had the devil in them if Rosaleen had ever seen it. "I will not," she said. "I've something better to do." While they drank she sat fixing the hem of her dress, and began to tell again about the persons without number she'd known who came back from the dead to bring word about themselves, and Dennis himself would back her up in it. She told again the story of the Billycat, her voice warm and broken with the threat of tears.

Dennis swallowed his drink, leaned over and began to fumble with his shoelace, his face sunken to a handful of wrinkles, and thought right out plainly to himself: "There's not a word of truth in it, not a word. And she'll go on telling

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it to the world's end for God's truth." He felt helpless, as if he were involved in some disgraceful fraud. He wanted to speak up once for all and say, "It's a lie, Rosaleen, it's something you've made up, and now let's hear no more about it." But Richards, sitting there with his ears lengthened, stopped the words in Dennis' throat. The moment passed. Rosaleen said solemnly, "My dreams never renege on me, Mr. Richards. They're all I have to go by." "It never happened at all," said Dennis inside himself, stubbornly. "Only the Billy-cat got caught in a trap and I buried him." Could this really have been all? He had a nightmarish feeling that somewhere just out of his reach lay the truth about it, he couldn't swear for certain, yet he was *almost* willing to swear that this had been all. Richards got up saying he had to be getting on to a shindig at Winston. "I'll take you to the train to-morrow, Missis O'Toole," he said. "I love doing a good turn for the ladies."

Rosaleen said very stiffly, "I'll be going in with the letter-carrier, and many thanks just the same."

She tucked Dennis into bed with great tenderness and sat by him a few minutes, putting cold cream on her face. "It won't be for long," she told him, "and you're well taken care of the whole time. Maybe by the grace of God I'll find her recovered."

"Maybe she's not sick at all," Dennis wanted to say, and said instead, "I hope so." It was nothing to him. Everything else aside, it seemed a great fuss to be making over Honora, who might die when she liked for all Dennis would turn a hair.

Dennis hoped until the last minute that Rosaleen would come to her senses and give up the trip, but at the last minute there she was with her hat and the rag of a coat on, a streak of pink powder on her chin, pulling on her tan gloves that smelt of naphtha, flourishing a handkerchief that smelt of Azurea, and going every minute to the window, looking for the postman. "In this snow maybe he'll be late," she said in a trembling voice. "What if he didn't come at all?" She took a last glimpse of herself in the mirror. "One thing I must remember, Dennis," she said in another tone. "And that is, to bring back a looking-glass that won't make my face look like a monster's."

"It's a good enough glass," said Dennis, "without throwing away money." The postman came only a few minutes late. Dennis kissed Rosaleen good-by and shut the kitchen door so he could not see her climbing into the car, but he heard her laughing.

"It's just a born liar she is," Dennis said to himself, sitting by the stove, and at once he felt he had leaped head-first into a very dark pit. His better self tried to argue it out with him. "Have you no shame," said Dennis's better self, "thinking such thoughts about your own wife?" The baser Dennis persisted. "It's not half she deserves," he answered sternly, "leaving me here by my lone, and for what?" That was the great question. Certainly not to run after Honora, living or dying or dead. Where then? For what on earth? Here he stopped thinking altogether. There wasn't a spark in his mind. He had a lump on his chest could surely be pneumonia if he had a cold, which he hadn't, specially. His feet ached until you'd swear it was rheumatism, only he never had it. Still, he wasn't thinking. He stayed in this condition for four days, and the under-witted lad from the native farm above did all the work, even to washing the dishes. Dennis ate pretty well, considering the grief he was under.

Rosaleen settled back in the plush seat and thought how she had always been a great traveller. A train was like home to her, with all the other people sitting near, and the smell of newspapers and some kind of nice-smelling furniture polish and the perfume from fur collars and the train dust and something over and above she couldn't place, but it was the smell of travel: fruit, maybe, or was it machinery? She bought chocolate bars, though she wasn't hungry, and a magazine of love stories, though she was never one for reading. She only wished to prove to herself she was once more on a train going somewhere.

She watched the people coming on or leaving at the stations, greeting, or kissing good-by, and it seemed a lucky sign she did not see a sad face anywhere. There was a cold sweet sunshine on the snow, and the city people didn't look all frozen and bundled up. Their faces looked smooth after the gnarled raw frost-bitten country faces. The Grand Central hadn't changed at all, with all the crowds whirling in every direction, and a noise that almost had a tune in it, it was so steady. She held on to her bag the colored men were trying to get away from her, and stood on the sidewalk trying to remember which direction was Broadway where the moving pictures were. She hadn't seen one for five years, it was high time now! She wished she had an hour to visit her old flat in 164th Street—just a turn around the block would be enough, but there wasn't time. An old resentment rose against Honora, who was a born spoilsport and would spoil this trip for her if she could. She walked on, getting her directions, brooding a little because she had been such a city girl once, thinking only of dress and a good time, and now she hardly knew one street from another. She went in to the first moving picture theatre she saw because she liked the name of it. "The Prince of Love," she said to herself. It was about two beautiful young things, a boy with black wavy hair and a girl with curly golden hair, who loved each other and had great troubles, but it all came well in the end, and all the time it was just one fine ballroom or garden after another, and such beautiful clothes! She sniffled a little in the Azurea-smelling handkerchief, and ate her chocolates, and reminded herself these two were really alive somewhere and looked just like that, but it was hard to believe living beings could be so beautiful.

After the dancing warm lights of the screen the street was cold and dark and ugly, with the slush and the roar and the millions of people all going somewhere in a great rush, but not one face she knew. She decided to go to Boston by boat the way she used in the old days when she visited Honora. She gazed into the shop windows thinking how the styles in underthings had changed till she could hardly believe her eyes, wondering what Dennis would say if she bought the green glove silk slip with the tea-colored lace. Ah, was he eating his ham now as she told him, and did the boy come to help as he had promised?

She ate ice cream with strawberry preserves on it, and bought a powder puff and decided there was time for another moving picture. It was called "The Lover King," and it was about a

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king in a disguise, a lovely young man with black wavy hair and eyes would melt in his head, who married a poor country girl who was more beautiful than all the princesses and ladies in the land. Music came out of the screen, and voices talking, and Rosaleen cried, for the love songs went to her heart like a dagger.

Afterward there was just time to ride in a taxi to Christopher Street and catch the boat. She felt happier the minute she set foot on board, how she always loved a ship! She ate her supper thinking, "That boy didn't have much style to his waiting. Dennis would never have kept him on in the hotel"; and afterward sat in the lounge and listened to the radio until she almost fell asleep there before everybody. She stretched out in her narrow bunk and felt the engine pounding under her, and the grand steady beat shook the very marrow of her bones. The fog horn howled and bellowed through the darkness over the rush of water, and Rosaleen turned on her side. "Howl for me, that's the way I could cry in the night time in that lost heathen place," for Connecticut seemed a thousand miles and a hundred years away by now. She fell asleep and had no dreams at all.

In the morning she felt this was a lucky sign. At Providence she took the train again, and as the meeting with Honora came nearer, she grew sunken and tired. "Always Honora making trouble," she thought, standing outside the station holding her bag and thinking it strange she hadn't remembered what a dreary ugly place Boston was; she couldn't remember any good times there. Taxicab drivers were yelling in her face. Maybe it would be a good thing to go to a church and light a candle for Honora. The taxi scampered through winding streets to the nearest church, with Rosaleen thinking, what she wouldn't give to be able to ride around all day, and never walk at all!

She knelt near the high altar, and something surged up in her heart and pushed the tears out of her eyes. Prayers began to tumble over each other on her lips. How long it had been since she had seen the church as it should be, dressed for a feast with candles and flowers, smelling of incense and wax. The little doleful church in Winston, now who could really pray in it? "Have mercy on us," said Rosaleen, calling on fifty saints at once, "I confess . . ." she struck her breast three times, then got up suddenly, carrying her bag, and peered into the confessionals hoping she might find a priest in one of them. "It's too early or it's not the day, but I'll come back," she promised herself with tenderness. She lit the candle for Honora and went away feeling warm and quiet. She was blind and confused, too, and could not make up her mind what to do next. Where ever should she turn? It was a burning sin to spend money on taxicabs when there was always the hungry poor in the world, but she hailed one anyhow, and gave Honora's house number. Yes, there it was, just like in old times.

She read all the names pasted on slips above the bells, all the floors front and back, but Honora's name was not among them. The janitor had never heard of Mrs. Terence Gogarty, nor Mrs. Honora Gogarty, neither. Maybe it would be in the telephone book. There were many Gogartys but no Terence nor Honora. Rosaleen smothered down the impulse to tell the janitor, a good Irishman, how her dream had gone back on her. "Thank ye kindly, it's no great matter," she said, and stepped out into the street again. The wind hacked at her shoulders through the rag of a coat, the bag was too heavy altogether. Now what kind of nature was in Honora not to drop a line and say she had moved?

Walking about with her mind in a whirl, she came to a small dingy square with iron benches and some naked trees in it. Sitting, she began to shed tears again. When one handkerchief was wet she took out another, and the fresh perfume put new heart in her. She glanced around when a shadow fell on the corner of her eye, and there hunched on the other end of the bench was a scrap of a lad with freckles, his collar turned about his ears, his red hair wilted on his forehead under his bulging cap. He slanted his gooseberry eyes at her and said, "We've all something to cry for in this world, isn't it so?"

Rosaleen said, "I'm crying because I've come a long way for nothing." The boy said, "I knew you was a County Sligo woman the minute I clapped eyes on ye."

"God bless ye for that," said Rosaleen, "for I am." "I'm County Sligo myself, long ago, and curse the day I ever thought of leaving it," said the boy, with such anger Rosaleen dried her eyes once for all and turned to have a good look at him.

"Whatever makes ye say that now?" she asked him. "It's a good country, this. There's opportunity for all here." "So I've heard tell many's the countless times," said the boy. "There's all the opportunity in the wide world to shrivel with the hunger and walk the soles off your boots hunting the work, and there's a great chance of dying in the gutter at last. God forgive me the first thought I had of coming here."

"Ye haven't been out long?" asked Rosaleen. "Eleven months and five days the day," said the boy. He plunged his hands into his pockets and stared at the freezing mud clotted around his luckless shoes.

"And what might ye do by way of a living?" asked Rosaleen. "I'm an hostler," he said. "I used to work at the Dublin race tracks, even. No man can tell me about horses," he said proudly. "And it's good work if it's to be found."

Rosaleen looked attentively at his sharp red nose, frozen it was, and the stung look around his eyes, and the sharp bones sticking out at his wrists, and was surprised at herself for thinking, in the first glance, that he had the look of Kevin. She saw different now, but think if it had been Kevin! Better off to be dead and gone. "I'm perishing of hunger and cold," she told him, "and if I knew where there was a place to eat, we'd have some lunch, for it's late."

His eyes looked like he was drowning. "Would ye? I know a place!" and he leaped up as if he meant to run. They did almost run to the edge of the square and the far corner. It was a Coffee Pot and full of the smell of hot cakes. "We'll get our fill here," said Rosaleen, taking off her gloves, "though I'd never call it a grand place."

The boy ate one thing after another as if he could never stop: roast beef and potatoes and spaghetti and custard pie and coffee, and Rosaleen ordered a package of cigarettes. It was like this with her, she was fond of the smell of tobacco, her husband was a famous smoker, never without his pipe. "It's no use keeping it in," said the boy. "I haven't a penny, yesterday and to-day I did-

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n't eat till now, and I've been fit to hang myself, or go to jail for a place to lay my head."

Rosaleen said, "I'm a woman doesn't have to think of money, I have all my heart desires, and a boy like yourself has a right to think nothing of a little loan will never be missed." She fumbled in her purse and brought out a ten-dollar bill, crumpled it and pushed it under the rim of his saucer so the man behind the counter wouldn't notice. "That's for luck in the new world," she said, smiling at him. "You might be Kevin or my own brother or my own little lad alone in the world, and it'll all come back to me if ever I need it."

The boy said, "I never thought to see this day," and put the money in his pocket. Rosaleen said, "I don't even know your name, think of that!"

"I'm a blight on the name of Sullivan," said he. "Hugh it is—Hugh Sullivan."

"That's a good enough name," said Rosaleen. "I've cousins named Sullivan in Dublin, but I never saw one of them. There was a man named Sullivan married my mother's sister, my aunt Brigid she was, and she went to live in Dublin. You're not related to the Dublin Sullivans, are ye?"

"I never heard of it, but maybe I am."

"Ye have the look of a Sullivan to me," said Rosaleen, "and they're cousins of mine, some of them." She ordered more coffee and he lit another cigarette, and she told him how she had come out more than twenty-five years past, a greenhorn like himself, and everything had turned out well for her and all her family here. Then she told about her husband, how he had been head-waiter and a moneyed man, but he was old now; about the farm, if there was some one to help her, they could make a good thing of it; and about Kevin and the way he had gone away and died and sent her news of it in a dream; and this led to the dream about Honora, and here she was, the first time ever a dream had gone back on her. She went on to say there was always room for a strong willing boy in the country if he knew about horses, and how it was a shame for him to be tramping the streets with an empty stomach when there was everything to be had if he only knew which way to look for it. She leaned over and took him by the arm very urgently.

"You've a right to live in a good Irish house," she told him. "Why don't ye come home with me and live there like one of the family in peace and comfort?"

Hugh Sullivan stared at her out of his glazed green eyes down the edge of his sharp nose and a crafty look came over him. "'T would be dangerous," he said. "I'd hate to try it." "Dangerous, is it?" asked Rosaleen. "What danger is there in the peaceful countryside?" "It's not safe at all," said Hugh. "I was caught at it once in Dublin, and there was a holy row! A fine woman like yourself she was, and her husband peeking through a crack in the wall the whole time. Man, that was a scrape for ye!"

Rosaleen understood in her bones before her mind grasped it. "Whatever —" she began, and the blood boiled up in her face until it was like looking through a red veil. "Ye little whelp," she said, trying to get her breath, "so it's that kind ye are, is it? I might know you're from Dublin! Never in my whole life—" Her rage rose like a bonfire in her, and she stopped. "If I was looking for a man," she said, "I'd choose a *man* and not a half-baked little . . ." She took a deep breath and started again. "The *cheek* of ye," she said, "insulting a woman could be your mother. God keep me from it! It's plain you're just an ignorant greenhorn doesn't know the ways of decent people, and now be off—" she stood up and motioned to the man behind the counter. "Out of that door now——"

He stood up too, glancing around fearfully with his squinted eyes, and put out a hand as if he would try to make it up with her. "Not so loud now, woman—it's what any man might think the way ye're——"

Rosaleen said, "Hold your tongue or I'll tear it out of your head!" and her right arm went back in a business-like way. He ducked and shot past her, then collected himself and lounged out of reach. "Farewell to ye, County Sligo woman," he said tauntingly. "I'm from County Cork myself!" and darted through the door. Rosaleen shook so she could hardly find the money for the bill, and she couldn't see her way before her, hardly, but when the cold air struck her, her head cleared, and she could have almost put a curse on Honora for making all this trouble for her. . . .

She took a train the short way home, for the taste of travel had soured on her altogether. She wanted to be home and nowhere else. That shameless boy, whatever was he thinking of? "Boys do be known for having evil minds in them," she told herself, and the blood fairly crinkled in her veins. But he had said, "A fine woman like yourself," and maybe he'd met too many bold ones, and thought they were all alike; maybe she had been too free in her ways because he was Irish and looked so sad and poor. But there it was, he was a mean sort, and he would have made love to her if she hadn't stopped him, maybe. It flashed over her and she saw it clear as day —Kevin had loved her all the time, and she had sent him away to that cheap girl who wasn't half good enough for him! And Kevin a sweet decent boy would have cut off his right hand rather than give her an improper word. Kevin had loved her and she had loved Kevin and, oh, she hadn't known it in time! She bowed herself back into the corner with her elbow on the window-sill, her old fur collar pulled up around her face and wept long and bitterly for Kevin, who would have stayed if she had said the word—and now he was gone and lost and dead. She would hide herself from the world and never speak to a soul again.

"Safe and sound she is, Dennis," Rosaleen told him. "She's been dangerous but it's past. I left her in health."

"That's good enough," said Dennis, without enthusiasm. He took off his cap with the ear flaps and ran his fingers through his downy white hair and put the cap on again and stood waiting to hear the wonders of the trip; but Rosaleen had no tales to tell and was full of homecoming.

"This kitchen is a disgrace," she said, putting things to rights. "But not for all the world would I live in the city, Dennis. It's a wild heartless place, full of criminals in every direction as far as the eye can reach. I was scared for my life the whole time. Light the lamp, will you?"

The native boy sat warming his great feet in the oven, and his teeth were chattering with something more than cold. He burst out: "I seed sumpin comin' up the road whiles ago. Black. Fust

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it went on all fours like a dawg and then it riz upon and walked longside of me on its hind legs. I was scairt, I was. I said Shoo! at it, and it went out, like a lamp."

"Maybe it was a dog," said Dennis.

" 'Twarn't a dawg, neither," said the boy.

"Maybe 'twas a cat rising up to climb a fence," said Rosaleen.

" 'Twarn't a cat, neither," said the boy. " 'Twarn't nothin' I ever seed afore, nor *you,* neither."

"Never you mind about that," said Rosaleen. "I have seen it and many times, when I was a girl in Ireland. It's famous there, the way it comes in a black lump and rolls along the path before you, but if you call on the Holy Name and make the sign of the Cross, it flees away. Eat your supper now, and sleep here the night; ye can't go out by your lone and the Evil waiting for ye."

She bedded him down in Kevin's room, and kept Dennis awake all hours telling him about the ghosts she'd seen in Sligo. The trip to Boston seemed to have gone out of her mind entirely.

In the morning, the boy's starveling black dog rose up at the opened kitchen door and stared sorrowfully at his master. The cats streamed out in a body, and silently, intently they chased him far up the road. The boy stood on the doorstep and began to tremble again. "The old woman told me to git back fer supper," he said blankly. "Howma *ever* gointa git back fer supper *now?* The ole man'll skin me alive."

Rosaleen wrapped her green wool shawl around her head and shoulders. "I'll go along with ye and tell what happened," she said. "They'll never harm ye when they know the straight of it." For he was shaking with fright until his knees buckled under him. "He's away in his mind," she thought, with pity. "Why can't they see it and let him be in peace?"

The steady slope of the lane ran on for nearly a mile, then turned into a bumpy trail leading to a forlorn house with broken-down steps and a litter of rubbish around them. The boy hung back more and more, and stopped short when the haggard, long-toothed woman in the gray dress came out carrying a stick of stove wood. The woman stopped short too, when she recognized Rosaleen, and a sly cold look came on her face.

"Good day," said Rosaleen. "Your boy saw a ghost in the road last night, and I didn't have the heart to send him out in the darkness. He slept safe in my house."

The woman gave a sharp dry bark, like a fox. "Ghosts!" she said. "From all I hear, there's more than ghosts around your house nights, Missis O'Toole." She wagged her head and her faded tan hair flew in strings. "A pretty specimen you are, Missis O'Toole, with your old husband and the young boys in your house and the travelling salesmen and the drunkards lolling on your doorstep all hours——"

"Hold your tongue before your lad here," said Rosaleen, the back of her neck beginning to crinkle. She was so taken by surprise she couldn't find a ready answer, but stood in her tracks listening.

"A pretty sight you are, Missis O'Toole," said the woman, raising her thin voice somewhat, but speaking with deadly cold slowness. "With your trips away from your husband and your loud colored dresses and your dyed hair——"

"May God strike you dead," said Rosaleen, raising her own voice suddenly. "If you say that of my hair! And for the rest may your evil tongue rot in your head with your teeth! I'll not waste words on ye! Here's your poor lad and may God pity him in your house, a blight on it! And if my own house is burnt over my head I'll know who did it!" She turned away and whirled back to call out, "May ye be ten years dying!"

"You can curse and swear, Missis O'Toole, but the whole countryside knows about you!" cried the other, brandishing her stick like a spear.

"Much good they'll get of it!" shouted Rosaleen, striding away in a roaring fury. "Dyed, is it?" she raised her clinched fist and shook it at the world. "Oh, the liar!" and her rage was like a drum beating time for her marching legs. What was happening these days that everybody she met had dirty minds and dirty tongues in their heads? Oh, why wasn't she strong enough to strangle them all at once? Her eyes were so hot she couldn't close her lids over them, but went on staring and walking, until almost before she knew it she came in sight of her own house, sitting like a hen quietly in a nest of snow. She slowed down, her thumping heart eased a little, and she sat on a stone by the roadside to catch her breath and gather her wits before she must see Dennis. As she sat, it came to her that the Evil walking the roads at night in this place was the bitter lies people had been telling about her, who had been a good woman all this time when many another would have gone astray. It was no comfort now to remember all the times she might have done wrong and didn't. What was the good if she was being scandalized all the same? That lad in Boston now—the little whelp. She spat on the frozen earth and wiped her mouth. Then she put her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands, and thought, "So that's the way it is here, is it? That's what my life has come to, I'm a woman of bad fame with the neighbors."

Dwelling on this strange thought, little by little she began to feel better. Jealousy, of course, that was it. "Ah, what wouldn't that poor thing give to have my hair?" and she patted it tenderly. From the beginning it had been so, the women were jealous, because the men were everywhere after her, as if it was her fault! Well, let them talk. Let them. She knew in her heart what she was, and Dennis knew, and that was enough.

"Life is a dream," she said aloud, in a soft easy melancholy. "It's a mere dream." The thought and the words pleased her, and she gazed with pleasure at the loosened stones of the wall across the road, dark brown, with the thin shining coat of ice on them, in a comfortable daze until her feet began to feel chilled.

"Let me not sit here and take my death at my early time of life," she cautioned herself, getting up and wrapping her shawl carefully around her. She was thinking how this sad countryside needed some young hearts in it, and how she wished Kevin would come back to laugh with her at that woman up the hill; with him, she could just laugh in their faces! That dream about Honora now, it hadn't come true at all. Maybe the dream about Kevin wasn't true either. If one dream failed on you it would be foolish to think another mightn't fail you too: wouldn't it, wouldn't it? She smiled at Dennis sitting by the stove.

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"What did the native people have to say this morning?" he asked, trying to pretend it was nothing much to him what they said.

"Oh, we exchanged the compliments of the season," said Rosaleen. "There was no call for more." She went about singing; her heart felt light as a leaf and she couldn't have told why if she died for it. But she was a good woman and she'd show them she was going to be one to her last day. Ah, she'd show them, the low-minded things.

In the evening they settled down by the stove, Dennis cleaning and greasing his boots, Rosaleen with the long tablecloth she'd been working on for fifteen years. Dennis kept wondering what had happened in Boston, or where ever she had been. He knew he would never hear the straight of it, but he wanted Rosaleen's story about it. And there she sat mum, putting a lot of useless stitches in something she would never use, even if she ever finished it, which she would not.

"Dennis," she said after a while, "I don't put the respect on dreams I once did."

"That's maybe a good thing," said Dennis, cautiously. "And why don't you?"

"All day long I've been thinking Kevin isn't dead at all, and we shall see him in this very house before long."

Dennis growled in his throat a little. "That's no sign at all," he said. And to show that he had a grudge against her he laid down his meerschaum pipe, stuffed his old briar and lit it instead. Rosaleen took no notice at all. Her embroidery had fallen on her knees and she was listening to the rattle and clatter of a buggy coming down the road, with Richard's voice roaring a song, "I've been working on the railroad, All the live-long day!" She stood up, taking hair pins out and putting them back, her hands trembling. Then she ran to the looking-glass and saw her face there, leaping into shapes fit to scare you. "Oh, Dennis," she cried out as if it was that thought had driven her out of her chair. "I forgot to buy a looking-glass, I forgot it altogether!"

"It's a good enough glass," repeated Dennis. The buggy clattered at the gate, the song halted. Ah, he was coming in, surely! It flashed through her mind a woman would have a ruined life with such a man, it was courting death and danger to let him set foot over the threshold.

She stopped herself from running to the door, hand on the knob even before his knock sounded. Then the wheels creaked and ground again, the song started up; if he thought of stopping he changed his mind and went on, off on his career to the Saturday night dance in Winston, with his rapscallion cronies.

Rosaleen didn't know what to expect, then, and then: surely he couldn't be stopping? Ah, surely he *couldn't* be going on? She sat down again with her heart just nowhere, and took up the tablecloth, but for a long time she couldn't see the stitches. She was wondering what had become of her life; every day she had thought something great was going to happen, and it was all just straying from one terrible disappointment to another. Here in the lamplight sat Dennis and the cats, beyond in the darkness and snow lay Winston and New York and Boston, and beyond that were far-off places full of life and gaiety she'd never seen nor even heard of, and beyond everything like a green field with morning sun on it lay youth and Ireland as if they were something she had dreamed, or made up in a story. Ah, what was there to remember, or to look forward to now? Without thinking at all, she leaned over and put her head on Dennis's knee. "Whyever," she asked him, in an ordinary voice, "did ye marry a woman like me?"

"Mind you don't turn over in that chair," said Dennis. "I knew well I could never do better." His bosom began to thaw and simmer. It was going to be all right with everything, he could see that.

She sat up and felt his sleeves carefully. "I want you to wrap up warm this bitter weather, Dennis," she told him. "With two pairs of socks and the chest protector, for if anything happened to you, whatever would become of me in this world?"

"Let's not think of it," said Dennis, shuffling his feet.

"Let's not, then," said Rosaleen. "For I could cry if you crooked a finger at me."

FARMERS

By Helene Mullins

WHAT if the back be stooped and the skin be dried,
Tending the soil? The sun, the wind and the rain
Leave kindlier marks than avarice and pride
On the face and hands of a man. One's share of pain
Had better be got from simple things like drouth
And yellowing plants, than from the dread disease
Of melancholia that puts upon the mouth
A smile deformed, and lashes the memories
Until they burn. O farmer, your plow and hoe
And the sweat you drop on the seedlings in the ground,
Bring you a harvest of verdant life to show;
While we who are occupied the seasons round
With thoughts and cunning schemes, whose souls are curved
Even as your back is, have not seen the fruit
Of our cultivation ripen. nor have we served
Earth, nor ourselves—discouraged and destitute.

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